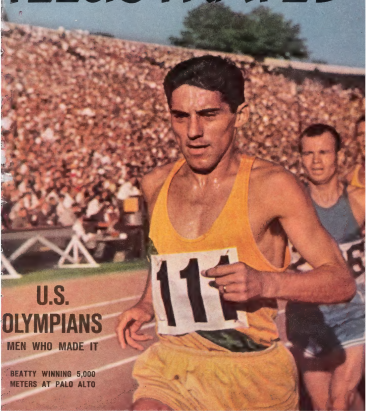


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 11, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS



**U.S.
OLYMPIANS**

MEN WHO MADE IT

**BEATTY WINNING 5,000
METERS AT PALO ALTO**

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HERTZ

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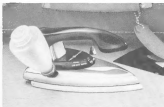
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WHY LEAVE ALL YOUR COMFORTS AT HOME?

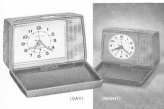
General Electric "Take-me-along" vacation portables!



When someone invents a traveling bag that doesn't wrinkle clothes, he has it made! Until then, iron everything in a jiffy with this General Electric Portable Steam and Dry Iron. Tuck it in your suitcase. It weighs only 1 1/4 pounds.



Nobody makes coffee like you—So why not take the coffee maker along? Peek-A-Brew® Coffee Maker counts the cups! Handy level tells you how much water to use, how much coffee is left. Brews up to 10 cups automatically!



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Take a tip before you take that trip. Carry your comforts with you instead of leaving them behind.

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the new
GENERAL DUAL 90

Cover: Jim Beatty ▶

In this photograph, made Friday during the 5,000-meter Olympic trial at Palo Alto, Beatty is on route to victory over his eventual teammates, Max Truitt and Ed DeLinger.

Photography by John G. Zimmerman

Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



▶ The talent-rich San Francisco Giants, favored by many to win the pennant, have turned into the most puzzling team in baseball. Robert Bayle penetrates the mystery.

▶ Herbert Warren Wind reports on the British Open from Scotland's historic St. Andrews, where Arnold Palmer, in the midst of a brilliant season, pursues a "grand slam."

▶ Jess Partridge and cartoonist Charles Saxon join forces for a hilarious commentary on that adolescent phenomenon, the children's camp of today and yesterday.

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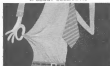
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4 hot-weather ailments...



1. SOGGY COLLARITIS



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■ STOPS CHAFING ON THE SPOT ■

MEMO from the publisher

THESE two lively actors, the bonefish and the tarpon, already have played featured parts in *Sports Illustrated* (Feb. 2 & May 11, 1959). Now, in the first of a series of motion picture short subjects also called *Sports Illustrated*, they are playing starring roles in theaters across the country. The *Sports Illustrated* series, distributed by Paramount Pictures and produced by Winik Films, is long on quality and action, short only in the cinematic sense in which that word attaches to "subject." In the opening release, *Kings of the Keys*, the game and sneaky bonefish and the spectacular tarpon join with Jimmy Albright, the famed fishing guide, to record in full color for the wide screen the kind of fishing action seldom, if ever, seen before. Using a budget nearly five times greater than normally allotted to a short subject, *Kings of the Keys* was six weeks in the making in the waters around Islamorada, Florida, will reach at least 25 million people in this country and that many more abroad.

Inviting our participation in the project, Leslie Winik, president of



BONEFISH

Winik Films, said: "The incredible advance of public interest in active and participant sports in recent years has long needed more recognition by the film industry. Coming with a similar advance in movie-going taste, this series of sports films will be a natural accompaniment to the more selective features now showing."

The name Winik has a three-generation association with sports films. Leslie's son Richard took much of the footage for *Kings of the Keys*. In 1924 Leslie took the first complete sequence of a football game—of NYU, when it was a power in the sport. Coach Chick Meahan saw it and wanted more. And that, it seems, is how football films for coaches got their start. In 1930 Leslie Winik's father took pictures of the Johnson-Jeffries fight. "I've tried for years to find a copy," says Leslie. "I'm afraid they're gone for good. It's a long way back."

The Johnson-Jeffries fight may indeed be a long way back, but I think you'll agree that the Winiks have come a long way forward with *Sports Illustrated*.



TARPON

Richard H. James

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"My boat
set me to
thinking"



1 "First thing I did after I got my new outboard motor was to read the owner's manual."



2 "Fueling instructions were pretty specific—marine white (unleaded) gasoline to prevent spark plug fouling."



3 "Out on the water, this 'unleaded' business got me to thinking about my car. I'd been using a premium-leaded gas."



4 "Back ashore, I looked at one of my car's plugs and saw quickly why the outboard people recommend 'unleaded' gas. The plug was badly fouled."

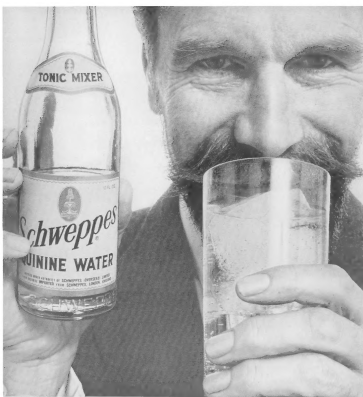


5 "That's when I decided to switch to clear, white Amoco-Gas for the car, too. It's the world's only unleaded premium gasoline."



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American Oil Company



A question from the Schweppesman . . .

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Schweppes inimitable flavor comes from imported English ingredients. Curiously refreshing! And only Schweppes gives a drink Schweggervescence—patrician little bubbles that last your whole drink through.

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into spaces that are too small for "compact" cars. Frankly, you've got to drive it to believe it.

How did BMC do it? Just thought up a brand new idea in car design. That's all! The '850' is a front-wheel drive car, BUT with the engine mounted CROSSWISE. So you have all the rest of the car for yourself, passengers and luggage. And to make your ride

smooth sailing, all wheels have independent rubber suspension.

No doubt about it, BMC, Britain's largest car manufacturer, did the incredible with the '850'. Comes in two models, both with full 12-month factory guarantee—the Austin 850 and the Morris 850—identical except for their grilles. Identical in price too—an incredible...***1295***

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MGA 1600



Austin 440



Austin Healey Sports



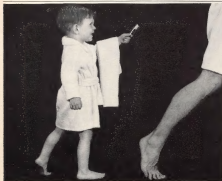
Morris 850 Sedan



Austin Healey 3000



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(don't you wish everybody did?)

SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

DEATH AND TAXES

Kansas City may lose its baseball team. The death of Owner Arnold Johnson posed some interesting tax problems for his widow, whose addresses—New York, Palm Beach and Chicago—perhaps indicate the extent of her home-town interest in Kansas City. The best guess is that she will unload the Athletics to the highest cash bidder.

The club is worth about \$3,500,000, and no one in Kansas City has come running with opened purse. Instead, there have been firm bids from Dallas and Houston, where oil money has long coveted a major league franchise.

The K.C. Chamber of Commerce is trying to stir up home-town interest and has suggested that 1,000 local firms might put up \$3,000 each to keep the club in town. The deal will take a hard sell.

The succession of second-division finishes and the vastly unsuccessful trades with the Yankees have soured fans. As one put it after watching the A's take a drubbing from the mighty Senators: "The trouble is, we've got the wrong half of the Yankees."

POST-MORTEM OR WED

Everybody and your Aunt Sarah now has a pet theory about the big fight. Cynics aver that Johansson went into the tank to ensure a third fight, a fat gate and a generous addition to his crammed bank vaults in Switzerland. A New York doctor theorizes that Ingo might have been in a hypnotic state before he came into the ring. Columnist Leonard Lyons writes in dark and somber tone that Johansson was "listless and in somewhat of a daze," and that his eyes didn't sparkle before the fight. Was Ingo Mickey-Finned? Lyons leaves it to the reader's imagination.

One other hypothesis perhaps deserves mention. According to this theory, a healthy Patterson came out in the fifth round and biffed a healthy Ingo twice in the mush. The result

could be described as resembling a deep trance or even the effects of a Mickey. Certainly there was very little sparkle, and quite a lot of daze, in Ingo's eyes. Bizarre as this theory may be, there are a number of radicals who embrace it.

THIS IS STATION PORCUPINE

Dr. William Marshall is one of those scientists who post themselves at the very outer limits of their fields. Marshall, a biologist at the University of Minnesota, has long wondered what animals do when no one is watching. To find out, he strapped six one-ounce transmitters to grouse and began tracking their activities by radio. As with Galileo, Edison and Marconi, there were setbacks. One grouse-borne transmitter went off the air completely, leading Marshall to suspect that it might be broadcasting in vain from the belly of a fox. Another grouse fell from a tree, broke both its neck and its antenna.

Concluding that grouse are unreliable, Marshall next attached one of the devices to a pregnant porcupine, on the theory that porcupines are

lethargic beasts and pregnant porcupines are downright languid. Last week Marshall reported a preliminary finding: porcupines don't climb trees to feed, as everyone thought, but to get away from mosquitoes.

Marshall hopes eventually to attach a transmitter to a grizzly bear. A skeptic has suggested that he wear one himself while he's doing it.

PIERRELL ON PIERRELL

The sensitive center fielder for the Cleveland Indians stepped up to the 19th tee at the Commonwealth Country Club near Boston, whacked a long two-iron down the fairway and let out a long, low whistle. "Yes, sir," he said, "this is your life, Jimmy Pierrall." Rested, happy and ready to return to the game after a week's vacation at his club's request, Pierrall calmly discussed what had happened.

"I don't think the Cleveland front office handled this matter correctly," he said. "They had Dr. Kelly sitting right there on the bench watching me. Doc told me if I did anything off-color he would have to recommend a rest for me. How can anybody play with that going on?"

"I asked Gordon to get him off the bench, but Gordon said he was there for my own good."

"After the first game, I asked him if he'd get off the bench and he did. I started to feel good again. In the second game I had a hit and drove in a run. Then I tried to steal second base and was called out. I thought I

THE GROWING PAINS OF DANNY MURPHY



Chicago Cubs bonza-baby Center Fielder Danny Murphy (53, June 27) looks like Ignorant Johansson in the limbo of the lost after a collision with Touristmate Bob Wili. The \$100,000 teen-ager joined the Cubs, went nothing-for-4 in his first start-

ing role. But no one was expecting Ottilian miracles from him. He needed experience, and he got experience. Total experience for his first two weeks: two singles and a double, a .100 batting average, one RBI, three runs scored, no errors, one knockout.

who safe and argued with Hank Bear. He tossed me out of the game. Some people have said that I tried to get thrown out so I could catch an early plane back here to Boston. As God is my judge, that is not so.

"When I was in the locker room dressing, I saw Dr. Kelly but he didn't say anything to me. I went to the airport and caught a plane. I got off the plane at Boston and the writers showed me a wire saying Dr. Kelly had ordered a rest for me. I was right there next to Kelly a few hours before. He could have told me. Instead he called my wife. She has seven children to take care of. Our boy had fallen off his bike and hurt his knee-cap and she had spent three hours at the hospital with him. And she's pregnant again. She was so upset she couldn't eat for three days.

"So I've spent a week at home. I've seen a psychiatrist twice, and the second time he told me I was ready to return to the team. I saw Joe Cronin at Fenway, and I asked him if he thought I was bad for baseball. He said, 'No, you're not. Just take care of yourself. Don't treat everything as if it was the end of the world.'

"Frank Lane called this morning to tell me I made the American League All-Star team. I feel wonderful."

FLASH OF LIFE

More than a thousand sailors participated in the 1960 Bermuda race, but only one of them swam part of the way. Jack Weston of Eastchester, N.Y., aboard the *Sybil*, was coming off the watch during the great storm on the sixth night. He had unhooked himself from the lifeline, and his mates were giving him a hand to the hatchway when "the boat suddenly dropped out from under me and a wave gave me a boot right through the lifelines."

The next thing Jack Weston saw was the mast light disappearing over the waves. Three circumstances saved the Bermuda race from registering the second fatality in its history. One was that Crewman Ray Kaufman was lying astern (he had been there for 14 hours with a case of seasickness); the second was that a new, extremely bright type of flasher light was tied to a life ring within Kaufman's reach; the third was the happy fact that Weston had given *Sybil's* skipper, Charlie Ulmer, a new set of emergency batteries just before the start.

Kaufman heard the "Man overboard!" and tossed the light into the sea, where it began to flash in the sky. The crew struggled with the sail, trying to tear it down, while the skipper tried to start the engine. The sails came down, but the engine wouldn't start. Up came the emergency batteries, and the engine started.

Back there, way back, the crew could see the faint pulse of the flasher on the water. Sixty minutes from the time Weston went in, he was hauled back aboard, clinging to the flasher. "I couldn't see it on the water," he said, "but I could see it light up the sky. I took everything off and swam toward it. I never swam so hard in my life. I thought my lungs would explode. It seemed like forever."

Not many of the Bermuda boats carried the *Sybil's* type of flasher. In the next race, a great many boats will.

EAST OF CHARACTER

Byron Nelson explained the secret of hot-golfer Arnold Palmer's multiple successes on this year's tournament trail: "He exerts so much physical and mental force it's almost as if he commands the ball to obey him. He says, 'By damn, ball, you get in that hole,' and the ball does." . . . Answering Fred Hutchinson's criticism of the policy of stationing an umpire in the middle of the diamond, National League President Warren Giles said: "Mr. Hutchinson can station his players where he wants them, and we will station our umpires where we want them." . . . Sub-four-minute-miler Roger Bannister put his finger on a disconcerting fact of this year's Olympic life: "Rome in August looks like being more a test of ability to withstand heat rather than running ability." . . . Duke Snider took batting practice before the Yankees-Dodgers exhibition game at Yankee Stadium, promptly cracked a ball into the stands to the frenzied and strident glee of 50,000 fans. "Hey, Duke!" called a reporter. "When did you last hear that?" Said Snider without turning his head. "The last time I struck out at the Coliseum." . . . Former Notre Dame Football Coach Frank Leahy resigned as general manager of the Los Angeles Chargers, flew to Chicago hospital for treatment of what his brother Thomas called "a nervous breakdown brought on by personal worries."

FACES IN THE CROWD



BRITT ROBINSON, 12-year-old trapshooting champion from Tulsa, Texas, took three prizes in the annual Texas Trapshooting Tournament at Amarillo, including state junior trapshooting title, despite fact he will not be considered as junior until his 15th birthday.



DONNA GRAHAM, 18, stroked Indianapolis Rivers Swim Club to AAU under women's long-distance swim championship at Huntington, Ind., took individual title for third straight year by completing three-mile course in record-breaking 1:11.7.



LAWRENCE HADLER, 18-year-old UCLA swimmer who gave up basketball for tennis because of his lack of height, won NCAA team singles championship at Seattle, Wash., upset defending champion Whitney Reed of San Jose State 3-6, 6-2, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2.



RICHARD COUCH, 17, of Victoria, B.C., Little League hurler who has struck out 14 of 87 batters he has faced this year, pitched perfect no-hit, no-run game, did it in player-injury by striking out all 18 batters in regulation six-inning contest.



STUART MACKENZIE, 17, of Australia, competing for London Club of Herby, won Diamond Swimsuit event at Royal Victoria Regatta for fourth straight year, rowed mile-and-a-half course in 8:30 to finish half length ahead of Poland's Teodor Kozerski.



JOHN GUENTHER, 17, of Bowling Green, became first amateur golfer to win Pennsylvania Open in its 48-year history when he shot 7-under-par 72 in three-day play at Hershey Country Club. Defeated Bob Heidrich of Kutztown and Bob Schaefer of Allentown.

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EUROPE



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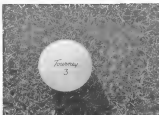


FACTS: Safety-engineered WeldLand body, over-size brakes, frame-mounted 30 hp engine (same popular gas), four-speed transmission, steering column shift, 12 volt ignition, 8 cubic foot tank.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT: Turn signals, Wind-shield wipers and chrome wires, Inverse Brake

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at
all
that's
new
in



MACGREGOR LIQUID-CENTER TOURNEYS

The MacGregor Liquid-center Tourney goes for extra distance. It was the ball that won first and second in the 1956 PGA Driving Contest, and took 1-2-3 in 1959. Last year it also won both first, and second at the Masters Driving Contest. In addition the MacGregor Tourney won more than two dozen major professional tournaments in 1959, dramatic proof of its all-around playability. Professional and amateur golfers praise the Tourney's putting ability.

On the tee, the fairway and the green, the Tourney is a truly outstanding ball. Ask your golf professional... the man who knows golf best... for MacGregor Tourneys, the distance ball with the Jack Rabbit get-away.

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COMING EVENTS

July 8 to July 15

All times are E.D.T.

* Color television * Television * National television

Friday, July 8

HORSE SHOWS

Manly Hill Pony Show, Farmington, Md. (television July 9)
Horsemen's Open Show, Metairie, Mich. (through July 11)
Kaiser National, Victoria (television, Pacific Northwest, Calif. through July 14)

MOTOR SPORTS

SCA Southern Indiana Region 1960 Nat'l. Rally, Indianapolis, Ind. through July 10

SOFTBALL

18 Star Series, Kansas, 12 (also July 9)

TRAIL & FIELD

U.S. Outdoor Women's and Girls' Champs., Carson City, Nev. (also July 9)
U.S. Outdoor Champs. and Final Olympic Trials, Eugene, Ore. (also July 9)

Saturday, July 9

NATIONAL

* Champs. of the Southwest (ABC)
* Football (1) at Madison (NBC)
* Cleveland at Chicago (CBS-TV, Mutual)
* Tulsa *

BASEBALL

19-60 Nat'l. Champs. Finals, from 10:00 a.m. (television, Mutual) to 11:00 a.m. (through July 11)

DOG SHOW

Farmington Valley Kennel Club Show, Farmington, Conn.

HORSE RACING

* Hollywood Derby, \$100,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif. (CBS-TV Pacific)
* Arlington Mile & 1/16, \$50,000 added, 7:00 p.m. River County, Mich.

HORSE SHOW

Lexington Junior League Show, Lexington, Ky. (through July 12)

Sunday, July 10

NATIONAL

* Cleveland at Chicago (NBC-TV, Mutual)
* Oakland at Philadelphia (CBS)
* Pittsburgh at Philadelphia (CBS)

BASEBALL

International Amateur Trophy, national preliminaries, Buffalo

Monday, July 11

NATIONAL

* Buffalo at New York City, Mo. (NBC)

BASEBALL

St. Louis, Centre Island, N.Y. (through July 14)

SOFTBALL

19-60 Nat'l. Champs. Finals, from 10:00 a.m. (television, Mutual) to 11:00 a.m. (through July 11)

DOG SHOW

1960 American Public Links Championships, Houston, Texas (through July 14)

HORSE

Calgary Exhibition and Stampede, \$27,000, Calgary, Alta. (through July 14)

TRAIL & FIELD

Eastern States Clay Court Champs., Great H.R. Pa. (through July 12)
Eastern Women's Clay Court Champs., Ardrey-Holmes, N.Y. (through July 15)
Women's Champs., Indianapolis (through July 15)

Tuesday, July 12

SOFTBALL

Lexington Clay Court Champs., Williamsport, Pa.

HORSE RACING

Hudson Falls Trot, \$21,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

Wednesday, July 13

NATIONAL

* Buffalo Star Game, New York (NBC)

BASEBALL

National Hardie, \$1,500 added, Westmoreland, Pa. (also July 14)

DOG SHOW

Farmington Hand Club Show, Charlottesville, Va. (through July 14)

HORSE RACING

* The best racing



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VAT 69 passes the three classic tests of Highland character with flying colors.
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A magician on mileage. With a professional at the wheel, Corvair rolled up 37.93 m.p.g. in the *Motor Trend Economy Run*. Try it yourself and see what small wonders this one can do with your gas dollars.

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Five models. Four-door or two-door in standard or de luxe versions or sleek new Monza Club Coupe.

Trunk's up front. Plenty of luggage space under the hood where it's convenient to get to.

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LESS LAW, MORE SPORT

Ideally, in the world of sport conflict should be restricted to the playing field and not allowed to spill into courts of law and legislative chambers. But ideals are difficult to achieve in a world where sport often is the step-sister of big business. Throughout the nation during the last week or so, hosts of jurists and legislators have been drafted to referee the rivalry among competing leagues in baseball and football. In at least four courts the American Football League, or one of its member teams, has sued a counterpart in the National League, or the league itself. Meanwhile, in Washington the Senate of the United States has been pondering a bill which some think means new life

—and others quick death—for big league baseball.

In bringing a federal antitrust action against the National Football League, the ambitious new AFL has claimed, for instance, that the old league put a team in Dallas for the sole purpose of harassing its rival in its own headquarters city. For this, despite the fact that it had fielded teams in at least three National League arenas, the AFL is asking \$10 million in damages. Football's newcomers are thus pleading aid under the antitrust laws to gain a monopoly in an area where competition makes for tough sledding.

Contrarily, the cry of baseball's newcomers, the Continentals, before they saw the Kefauver bill sent back to committee last week to stew quietly for another year, was that more antitrust in baseball was vital to break up the monopoly now existing. Not being lawyers, we do not fully understand how the same legislation can stifle competition on the one hand and insure it on the other. Being sportsmen, we can and do profess a leaning toward competition itself. We hope that somehow all this legalizing will promote it where it counts—on the sports field.

LESS RULE, MORE SENSE

"This was a committee action and there is no value in airing the problem," said Chairman Pinous Sober of the U.S. Olympic Committee on Track and Field, "although I, personally, believe it is a pity that the best marathon runner in the United States is not on the Olympic team." He was speaking of the almost unbelievable decision his committee had just made: to leave the five-time U.S. champion road racer John Kelley off the team it picked for Rome. Like Chairman Sober, we believe this decision was indeed a pity. Unlike him, however, we think there is every value in airing the problem if only to demonstrate the occasional workings of government by committee.

No one—in committee or out—questions the fact that Kelley is the country's best marathoner. But under the strictest interpretation of U.S. Olympic law team members must be chosen on the basis of their performance in trial races. Kelley's assured place on the team was put in jeopardy

when severe blisters forced him out of the first Olympic trial, the Boston Marathon, last April. At that time, however, the track and field committee wisely decided to overlook its rule and promised to reconsider Kelley's status if he showed up well at the AAU championships at Yonkers, N.Y. (SI, June 6).

Kelley won at Yonkers by a margin so wide that, in Pinous Sober's words, "he could have stopped for a shave and a haircut and still come in first." Nevertheless, when Sober's committee met in California last week to select the three-man marathon team, it dismissed Kelley in favor of a Californian named Bob Coe, who had placed fourth at Yonkers (Coe was two and a half miles behind when Kelley crossed the line). As Sober said later, the committee "decided to follow the selective procedure to the letter."

The track and field committee's choice must still earn final approval by the national executive board. We can only hope that this distinguished body will feel the spirit moving, and say to hell with the letter of the law.



BRAGG'S BIG MOMENT arrived when he cleared 15 feet 9½ inches to set new world record in pole vault (left). He ran back from the pit (above), leaping with excite-



JULY 15, 1960

THE OLYMPIC HEIGHTS

by **TEX MAULE**

Don Bragg's record pole vault was only one thrill of many at the Palo Alto trials

THE keynote of the Olympic trials at Stanford Stadium in Palo Alto, Calif., last week was emotion: the wild elation of victory, the stunned sorrow of defeat, the curious, almost palpable empathy between the huge crowd and the striving athletes. The prize for success was a place on the 1968 U.S. Olympic track and field team; the penalty for failure was often heartbreak.

You felt the emotional tie between crowd and athlete when quiet, gentle applause followed **BIL NIEDER** in his long, lonely walk across the infield and out of the stadium after the world record holder in the shotput had failed to qualify in his event. You felt it again when many of the spectators laughed with the same unalloyed glee that possessed **John Thomas** after he had cleared 7 feet 8½ inches to set a world record and win the high jump. And you felt it at the tag end of the two-day meet when most of the 65,000 people who came on the last day stayed to watch **Don Bragg** pole-vault 15 feet 9¼ for a new world record.

Bragg, an ebullient, out-and-upgoing type, burst from the sawdust

pit after his record jump and ran back along the runway, leaping like an exuberant kangaroo every third step. His girl, **Terry Fices**, cleared the wall in front of the stands like a good low hurdler and ran into Bragg's arms down near the end of the runway. Bragg tossed her a bit higher than **Thomas'** high jump, caught her on his shoulder and ran in small, happy circles. The crowd, which had roared at Bragg's record, applauded this, too.

Beyond emotion, this was a meet of superb performance. In 13 of the 17 events, the old U.S. Olympic trials record was bettered, and in a 14th it was tied; new American records were set in three events and new world records in three. And in nine events the winning time, height or distance bettered the winning mark at the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne.

But times, distances and heights are a poor measure of dramatic impact. In this meet an electric tension gripped spectators and athletes alike in every event. **Jim Beatty**, who ran his usual well-thought-out, intelligent race to win the 5,000 meters (see cover), said later, "I was so nervous my hands trembled. I thought I could win; I had confidence. But I was shaking all over when I went down to the starting line."

Beatty, for once, departed from the

continued

Photographs by **John G. Zimmerman**

schedule set for him by his coach, ex-Hungarian Mihály Igloi (31, June 6). "I was supposed to hang behind the leader," Jim said. "But the pace was too slow so I went out ahead. I wanted to run some of the kick out of the others. It was a big field. I had to." Beatty won easily with a fine sprint on the last lap. Then, 13 yards past the finish, he raced across the track, leaped into the stands and embraced his wife and his mother.

Some of the drama stemmed from defeat. Bobby Morrow, running beautifully in a gallant effort to earn another trip to the Olympics, faltered only 30 yards from success in the

yards but then, shockingly, his legs began to go limber and he finished spaddle-legged and tired, barely holding on for fourth place.

Morrow was one of the few veterans in this mature field of athletes who failed. Thirteen of the 63 who qualified for the team (see page 72) were repeaters from 1956. Many of them looked as strong or stronger than they did four years ago. Typical was Lee Calhoun, who won the 110-meter high hurdles in 18.4 seconds, sailing over the barriers cleanly in the graceful, bending lift of a great hurdler. Calhoun, winner in the 1956 Olympics, found his task easier at the age of 27 than he had at 23.

In the 400-meter hurdles Glenn

Al Oerter, the 1956 Olympic discus winner, finished second in the trials to giant Rink Babka (267 pounds), whose winning throw was 192 feet 3½ inches; Oerter, tired and tense, managed 188 feet 3. In third place was Dick Cochran of Missouri, a newcomer to the stress of big-pressure competition, who spent the week before the trials in a Palo Alto hotel rather than in the Stanford dormitory where most of the athletes stayed. "I didn't want to be exposed to all the psyching," he said, "I didn't want to know what the rest of them were doing."

Possibly the least concerned with the performance of his rivals was Bragg, who set that new world record in the pole vault. Bragg is not particularly fond of the grim runway in the Stanford Stadium, but he refused to let it disturb him. "I'd run up a ditch," he said. "It makes no difference. Speed and form and strength will win." He thought about that for a moment, and his face became serious. "I'm just talking," he said. "I'm just trying to hold on to my confidence."

He held on to it very well. He missed only one vault—at 15 feet 3 inches—and cleared 15 feet 5¼ and the record vault, 15 feet 9¼, on his first attempts.

"It had to come," he said after his exuberant dance with his girl. "God has been teasing me. I've worked eight years to make the Olympic team and to get a world record. No one can imagine the tension and anxiety in an athlete's mind in the week before a meet like this, even when you're one of the favorites. I used my head today. I moved my grip an inch closer to the end of the pole—that's the difference between 15 feet 9 and 15 feet 6 or 15 feet 8. And I took my time on my vaults. First I pray, then I think, then I grab it out."

He grinned suddenly and happily. "I got two more goals," he said. "A gold medal in Rome and playing Tarsan in the movies. If I can learn to pole-vault I can learn to act."

Some of the competitors, like Ralph Boston, who had a marvelous series of 26 feet 4½ inches, 28 feet 6½ inches and 26 feet ¼ inch in the broad jump, appeared impervious to pressure. And Al Cantello, the short, muscular marine lieutenant who won the javelin throw at 277 feet 7 inches, showed little emotion before the meet. He got



KAT NORTON WINS 200 AS BOBBY MORROW (FAR LEFT) FALLS BACK TO FOURTH

200 meters. He got a tremendous start and looked much like the Morrow of 1956 for the first 150 yards. Indeed, he was a step or two ahead of the strong, fleet Ray Norton coming out of the turn. But Norton, who won both the 100 and 200 meters in the trials, was perfectly in control of the race. He has the ability to turn his speed off and on as you might open or close a faucet, and now he turned it on and pulled away from Morrow and the rest of the field to win in a world record 20.6, tying a mark set by Stone Johnson in a heat. Morrow retained the lovely, steady rhythm of his stride for a few more

Davis, another Olympic champion, matched his 1956 trial time of 49.5 seconds in winning. Davis, thinner than he was four years ago, won easily and might have turned in faster time had he been pressed. Dick Howand Kansas' Cliff Cushman tied for second in 49.8—a career-best for both—and another Olympic veteran missed out by a deep chest when Eddie Southern had to settle for fourth. Southern cleared the last hurdle in second place but landed off balance and broke stride. Before he could recover, Cushman and the very strong Howard had rushed by him on the road to Rome.

his winning throw on his first try. "Actually, I was being cautious on that first attempt," he said. "So much was contingent on my making the team. My mother will be going to Rome, and I want to get married there after the Games. So I had to be sure. Then I bombed the next two, and they didn't go as far." Bill Alley clinched second on his first throw, fell on his second attempt, wrenched his back and spiked himself so severely in the calf that next day it required six stitches to close the wound. Alley had second place anyway, but he ignored the injury and came back to get off a prodigious throw that traveled over 282 feet; unfortunately, unable to control the injured leg, he fouled. "Man, I wanted to win," he said later.

Win, win, win

This almost fanatic desire to win of course, marked every event. Tom Murphy, the husky, squarely built half miler from New York, won his race in a career-best time of 1:46.7. Jack Yerman, the winner in the 400 meters, also ran faster than he has before: 45 flat in his heat, 46.3 for first in the finals. In this race young Ted Woods, who had won the NCAA title in 46.7 and who had worked hard all week, ran out of gas and barely made the Olympic team as a relay member when he finished fourth. Earl Young, a tall, crane-thin sophomore from Abilene Christian College, finished second, running strongly on a pole lane that had been chopped up by the big 1,500-meter field in the race just prior to the 400. Oeis Davis finished third. He ran too far off the pace early and had to close from last place down the stretch. He may beat both Yerman and Young in Rome.

Franz Stampfl, the famed Austrian coach who has observed track meets in Europe, the U.S. and Australia, rated American performances in the 1,500 meters (Dyrol Burleson won easily in 3:44.3), 5,000 meters and 400 meters as something below par. "Your optimism in these events," he said, "is wishful thinking."

But most of the athletes felt much the same as Parry O'Brien, the 1936 Olympic shotput champion who finished second in the trials to Dallas Long. "I was overly nervous," said O'Brien. "I was not at my best. I am always nervous in the trials. But I will not be nervous at Rome. I feel I cleared the big hurdle here." **ENR**



HEAD THROWN BACK, POWERFUL TOM MURPHY OUTLASTS JERRY SIEBERT IN 800



SPRINKING JACK YERMAN TAKES 400-METER DASH FROM STRAINING EARL YOUNG



BURNING EASILY, DYROL BURLISON BEATS TEAMMATE JIM GRELLS IN SLOW 1,500

FRIDAY—

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Drawings by Marc Smeets

At a little past 7 p.m. (P.D.T.) last Friday the bartender at The Third Base in San Francisco answered the telephone, and a reporter asked, "What are the people watching on television right now, and what are they talking about?" Slowly the bartender looked up and down his bar, carefully examining each face with the fascination of a tourist visiting Madame Tussaud's waxworks for the first time. "They're not watchin' nothin'," said the bartender, "and they ain't talkin' about nothin'."

At 9 p.m. (E.S.T.) Mrs. Bowdry Peor, standing with her husband, her four children and 5,000 others in the Friendly Shopping Center at Greensboro, North Carolina awaiting a fireworks display, was asked if she would miss the telecasts of the Friday night fights. "Oh," asked Mrs. Peor, "have they been boring on television?"

At 10 p.m. (E.D.T.) in the midtown New York restaurant which bears his name, Jack Dempsey, the former heavyweight champion, was sitting on a bar stool with his back to a darkened TV screen. "I'm glad the Friday night fights are gone," said Dempsey. "Most of 'em weren't any good anyway, and they were helping to kill the fight game." A few blocks away, Willie Pep, one of the first two men ever to appear on a telecast fight (he beat Chalky Wright in Madison Square Garden on September 29, 1944), sat in his uptown New York bar contemplating another dark screen. "No fights," said Willie Pep, "no fights! Sixteen years we've had fights on television almost every Friday night, but not tonight. Well, my television set won't be turned on. I don't care what's on television. A lot of people come in here to watch the fights. Many of 'em wondered

WILLIE PEP, WHO HELPED LAUNCH TV BOXING ERA, SITS UNDER DARKENED SCREEN

AND NO FIGHT

TV's oldest program leaves the air, to the cheers of some, the yawns of others and, perhaps, to the benefit of boxing itself

why there were no fights tonight. The TV can just sit there and look at the people who are not looking at it."

After more than 600 Friday night fights the National Broadcasting Company has canceled the longest continuing sports program on television. NBC called it quits because, as one executive put it, "Anything we broadcast is our responsibility, and we felt we had adequate reasons not to continue the fights."

The ratings were down

Those adequate reasons were undoubtedly that the fights had slipped badly both in quality and in ratings. At one time the ratings indicated that one out of every five home television sets were tuned in. And there were few bars across the country which didn't automatically turn on the fights for their customers on Friday. "Some people never knew who was in there," says Detroit bartender Kayo Morgan, a former bantamweight fighter himself. "They just knew white trunks or black trunks and bet one would beat the other." Recently, however, both home and bar viewers have become disenchanted.

In Cedar Rapids, Iowa, bar patron Robert Gaumond said, "I was getting fed up with the fights anyway. In my opinion, too many were fixed." Said another, "The greatest contribution television can make is not to put on the fights."

In other sections of the country, however, there were many who missed both the fights and the bar conversations they inspired. "You might say I am real unhappy about it," said a lady customer in The Television Bar in Dallas. "I used to be able to judge 80% of the winners just by looking at their legs." A tavern keeper in downtown Dallas said, "Many traveling people used to come in on Friday just for the fights. They used

to strike up friendships and sit around for a while. Tonight they came in, drank a beer and left. My business fell off at least \$40." A customer at the Egyptian Lounge said, "It was something to look forward to for us working boys. You know, on the weekend you can afford to spend a little money on beer and sandwiches and sit around and gripe about the referees after the fight is over. It was a lot of fun."

NBC replaced boxing in New York with *Moment of Fear*, which one Brooklyn girl described as "a worse program than most of the fights." All over the country, sports fans found the pickings very poor indeed. In Los Angeles, for example, there was an underwater adventure film in which the hero swam through two tunnels to save a 6-year-old girl trapped in the air shaft of a mine; there were also a travelogue about railroading in Canada, a spy thriller in which Nazi war plans were transmitted to American forces by a dead mute using hand signals, three rerun westerns, a 1944 movie starring Yulish Bankhead, the *Little Rascals* and a Saints and Sinners spectacular.

The former sponsor of the fights, The Gillette Company, will join with Miles Laboratories when the telecasts are moved to Saturday evening beginning October 8. But, as one TV advertiser put it, "The Friday fights were a habit for most Americans. Television itself is a thing of habit. Boxing's audience used to be a good market for an advertiser, but it slipped. The real prize buys now are the World Series [which Gillette also sponsors], the January bowl games, pro football on Sundays and some NCAA Saturday football games." Gillette and Miles are betting they can change the Friday night habit.

Though millions of Americans may be indifferent or even oblivious to the passing of this Friday feature,

for countless others it means altering a well-established routine. This is especially true in those areas where the television set has become the prime source of entertainment.

As for boxing itself, the results should be largely beneficial, if only because promoters now must realize that a succession of shoddy mismatches will not satisfy even a captive audience. Says Jack Dempsey, "Now we should see the return of something like normal in boxing. New fighters will have to be brought along slowly, on their merits, in small clubs. And people will begin going back to the boxing arenas in person. In the long run, this will help boxing very much."

END



LOVE BARFLY WATCHES CHA-CHA-CHA

THE PORK CHOP ALL-STAR

by ROY TERRELL

The American League's best bet in the All-Star Game is a pitcher from Kansas City named Bud Daley who knows what he likes and who doesn't want to be a Yankee

ON THE BORDER of the Kansas City Athletics, an organization conceived in despair and dedicated to the proposition that it is illegal to beat the Yankees, there exists an individual valued on the baseball market at \$500,000. These are implausible surroundings in which to nurture a half-million-dollar halfplayer, but this is a rare specimen—a left-handed bridge player with a bald head who cuts pork chops before pitching and drives television announcers wild. His name is Leavitt Leo Daley, according to the birth certificate, but even his mother wouldn't recognize him by that name and so everyone calls him Bud. Despite a strangely twisted right arm and a fast ball that would hardly make a Little League Mink, Bud Daley has become just about the best pitcher in the American League.

As such, he is Manager Al Lopez' most likely choice to start the first of 1969's two All-Star Games next week. In 1959 Daley won 16 games with a Kansas City ball club that could only be flattered when someone called it humbling, and this year he has an excellent opportunity to win 20 with its twin brother. In the first two months of the season, while other American League pitchers were warming up—or asleep—Daley won 16 games. Nine of those were in a row and one was over the Yankees. No

other Kansas City pitcher has been able to make that claim all year.

Daley also has demonstrated, if only briefly, an ability to get that galloping swarm of National League sluggers out. Throwing nothing but knuckle balls, he came in to retire the last two batters in the 1959 All-Star Game at Pittsburgh just when it began to appear that Aaron, Mays, Banks, Boyer, Cepeda and Co. might stay up at the plate in Forbes Field all night. Finally, Daley will be pitching in his own ball park, and if nothing else assures a sellout this will. In Kansas City they know about Bud Daley. They know almost nothing about him anywhere else.

Now 27, Daley has been bouncing around baseball for 10 years, first in the Cleveland organization, which signed him out of Wilson High, in Long Beach, Calif., for \$8,000, then with the Orioles, finally with K.C. Along the way he lost his good but undistinguished fast ball because of torn tendons in the elbow, but managed to survive—and steadily improve—by listening attentively to the words of such men as Sal Maglie, Paul Richards, Johnny Sain and Ed Lopat, then going out and practicing what they preached. Once, when Daley was pitching for Buffalo, a game with Richmond was rained out. Daley walked across to the opposing team's dugout, and while the rain

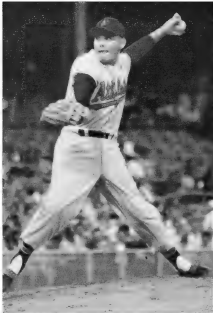
dripped off the roof and everyone else went home talked pitching with Lopat, who was then managing Richmond, until the lights went out. Today American League hitters wish the lights had gone out earlier, that Bud Daley had his ordinary old fast ball back and that he'd forget everything else.

Among the collection of pitches that he throws regularly, and with superb control, are several varieties of curve ball, including a big, slow, roundhouse job (his particular pet), a knuckler, a slip pitch, a slider and a kind of fast ball that isn't very fast but can be very upsetting, since Daley throws it only when it is least expected. Elton Howard of the Yankees, who has played against Daley both in the minors and the majors for years and usually has more luck hitting him than anyone else, normally sees nothing but curves and knucklers. Last week, with the bases loaded in a game at Yankee Stadium, Daley struck out Howard with nothing but fast balls. Opposing batters refer indelicately to his pet pitches as garbage, but Bud knows that as long as they howl, they must be hurting. "When they're hitting you," he says, "they don't say a word."

Daley is a pleasant, friendly fellow with a quiet smile that comes easily to his face and a pair of steady green eyes which look out upon the world—and in upon Bud Daley—with tolerance and amused detachment. When he threw a home run pitch to Dick Brown of the White Sox one day in Comiskey Park, causing Bill Veatch's scoreboard to explode in all its furious glory, he neither threw his glove to the ground in rage nor wept. He watched the fireworks and grinned. "I lit that baby up," he bragged for days afterward. "It was fun. Someday when I have another big lead, I think I'll try it again."

He blames the pork-chop superstition on his wife. "One day Dorothy fixed pork chops and that night I won. Pitched real well. So now I get pork chops every time I'm supposed to pitch. Once I got to the ball park and found out it wasn't my turn after all, so I had pork chops the next day, too. That night we got rained out. I had pork chops three days in a row. Man, was I sick of pork chops."

Ever since Abner Doubleday got his first stiff shoulder, it has been the



TWISTED RIGHT ARM, DETERMINED LOOK, KNUCKLE BALL ARE DALEY TRADEMARKS

custom for pitchers to indulge in seven or eight or 10 warmup throws before each inning. Last summer Daley decided the practice was foolish, particularly on a warm day when he is loose and pitching well. Now he walks to the mound, throws a fast ball, a curve, a knuckler and quits. This often leaves television and radio men prattling idiotically about the feckish goodness of beer and shaving cream while two batters fly out. Kansas City fans have learned that when Daley is pitching, the seventh-inning stretch is more of a bounce. Sometimes Bill Tuttle doesn't even have time to get all the way out to center field. "He complains," says Daley, "but I tell him I'll make 'em hit the

first couple of pitches on the ground."

More has been written about Bud's injured right arm than about his good left one, but it is not withered, as is usually reported, and Daley insists that he has been living with it all his life without being handicapped a bit. "I was an instrument baby," he says, "and during the delivery something slipped and pinched a nerve in my shoulder. At first they said I'd never be able to use the arm, but my mother massaged it and as soon as I could move it she had me lift light dumbbells. It came around all right. Heck, it's only an inch shorter than my left."

Although the right shoulder is carried forward slightly and the elbow

is twisted so that it points awkwardly out, the arm itself is a perfectly good-looking one, well developed and strong. Actually, Daley is more puzzled by what happened to his hair. "I used to have lots of it," he says. "Then two days before graduation from high school, a bunch of us went down to the barbershop and got our hair cut off short, almost shaved. Mine never came back in."

Normally an extremely modest man, Daley is like most pitchers when the talk turns to hitting. He tells you how good he is. Unlike most pitchers, he is good. In high school he hit .459 and made the all-state team as an outfielder, although the big league clubs were more interested in his 11-1 pitching record. He hit .295 last year, won at least five of his own games with his bat and spent an off-season public relations tour for the ball club trying to talk about hitting instead of pitching. As a speaker, whatever the subject, Daley himself was quite a hit. Once, before a college audience, Bill Tuttle arose to extol the virtues of higher education. "As you may know, I went to Bradley," began Tuttle, "and I've always been grateful for the opportunity. They learnt me a lot there." When the uproar had died down, Daley arose. "I didn't go to college," he said, "and after listening to Bill Tuttle, I'm glad that's one thing I missed."

Among the ex-Yankees and future Yankees cluttering up the Kansas City roster, Bud Daley is that rarity, a man who has neither been employed at Yankee Stadium nor wants to move there. When trade rumors were popping out of every locker in the Athletic clubhouse back in early June, he rushed straight to the front office to find out the true story.

"They told me the Yankees weren't about to get me," he says, "and I was never so relieved in my life. I like Kansas City. Last winter we didn't even go back to California; now we've bought a house here, out in Overland Park, where Hank Bauer lives. I guess the thing I like best is the people. I've never seen such good people. Sure, if I have to be traded, I'd rather go to the Yankees than anywhere else, but I intend to stay right here."

The Athletics better see that he does. At the moment they don't have much else.

END





WEITHING ON COURT WITH TWISTED ANKLE AND LEG CRAMP, HARD-LUCK SUCHGOLTZ (ABOVE)





WAS LATER COMFORTED BY RIVAL FRASER (BELOW)

Exit U.S.

When quarter-finals day at Wimbledon began, the United States, represented by Earl Buchholz and Barry MacKay, seemed to have a good chance to win the men's singles for the first time since Tony Trabert beat Lew Hoad in 1955. Against defending champion Neale Fraser, 18-year-old Buchholz reached match point five times in the fourth set. Then, leading 15-14, he twisted an ankle and fell heavily. After a few more painful points, he collapsed and had to default to Fraser, who eventually won the title. When Italy's Nicola Pietrangeli whipped MacKay, the United States was shut out (see page 50).



RACKET FLIPPED BY WINNER PIETRANGELI (RIGHT) FELL ON HIS HEAD



Bug-eyed for Bragg

Photograph by My Follis



These outflung arms, gaping mouths, popping eyes and clutched heads are the not unpredictable reactions of a group of Americans on seeing a man return from outer space. The re-entrant, descending feet first in the center of the picture, is Don Bragg, photographed as he dropped to earth from his world record pole vault of 15 feet 9 1/4 inches at the Olympic trials in Palo Alto last week.



PORTRAIT OF A HERO WHO LOST BY WINNING

BILLY FOX: 'JUST RIDING INTO EVENING'

by GILBERT ROGIN

When John La Motta, once middleweight champion, admitted to the Kefauver Committee last month that he had allowed himself to be knocked out by Billy Fox in the fourth round of their fight in Madison Square Garden on Nov. 14, 1947, he merely certified what the wise guys had known before the fight, the innocents afterwards. When Fox fought La Motta, he had, by the book, won 50 of 51 fights, all by knockouts. His only defeat was to Gus Lermerich in a light heavyweight title bout. But Fox's manager was Mobster Blaise Palermo, and Fox's record is as much a tribute to Palermo's scheming as Fox's punching: several of his victories were technical; some of his real opponents, like La Motta, took dives.

In recent years it has been hard to find Billy. Investigators for the Kefauver Committee searched for several months before learning that he is now a patient in a Long Island mental hospital. Fox, his doctors say, "is seriously ill," but the exact nature of his psychosis has not been determined. He is aware of the developments in Washington. He is "discouraged." He has no visitors.

I found Billy Fox in 1950 when he was living on the edges, desolate, ragged, despairing. His only possessions, besides the soiled clothes he wore, were a pipe and a scrapbook. One rainy summer morning he told me the story of his life. We couldn't publish it then, without corroboration. Now that La Motta has spoken, we can.

I was born in Tutuma, Oklahoma on January 29, 1926," Billy Fox said. "My grandfather still lives there. I plan to go back there sometime before he dies. My mother died when I was 4, and we left when I was 5 and moved to Virginia. My father remarried and had a farm there. I remember him saying he was a graduate of Tuskegee Institute and used to be a teacher. A lot of my folk were teachers. Daddy was a very good man. But all the time with him it was drive all the time. There was no sympathy or love. A kid likes to feel, you know,

like his father likes him. But the only one who gave me love was my mother. I never was the same after her death. My father didn't mean no harm that way. He was just a strict man. He overlooked the small things in his way. Didn't show no love or nothing. But he gave me a lot of good advice. The trouble was he wanted me to have an academic education like he had. You shouldn't make a kid do what you want all the time. I wish he had let me go to trade school like I wanted, so that now I'd have something to fall back on. One thing

I should have listened to him on, though. That was finishing my education before I became a fighter. I didn't listen to him there.

"There was this picture in a book I sent away for by Nat Fleischer on training for boxers and how to box. It was of Dempsey and Tunney fighting for a million-dollar gate. 'Look it, Daddy,' I said, 'a million dollars for knocking a man out.' 'Don't worry,' he told me, 'you got to do a lot more than knock a man out for a million dollars.' And he was right. But

continued



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that picture was what did it. That was what started me and finished me.

"Then we moved to Richmond. My father had a job in a movie house as a porter. I used to help my father in his job in the theater and in the little farm we had back of the house about three blocks long where he planted vegetables and potatoes. I'd have to get up early in the morning to help out in back. We lived in what you might call the suburbs. But we were poor. I wore the same clothes every day. I couldn't play with the kids, I was so busy all the time. I got invited to parties, but I wouldn't go because I had what you might call an inferiority complex. The only thing I had was plenty to eat on account of the farm we had out back. My daddy never let me go hungry. That's one thing I can say for him, too. I wasn't a bad knacker, either. I had a paper route and shined shoes and set pins in a howling alley. I spent near all the money I made, though, on soda pop and candy. My father never gave me no money for helping him out in the movie house."

Black eyes and Benny Leonard

"I had lots of street fights at school. I was a quiet kid, very quiet. The kids thought I was trying to be oute because I was so quiet, so they started to pick on me. I'd come home with black eyes all the time. My father got sick of me fighting all the time and coming home beat up. He shifted me around to different schools, but it was always the same. I was very unhappy. But I had that book I sent away for, with a picture, also I think it was of Benny Leonard in it, and I decided I wanted to be a fighter like him, too. It was the only thing I had to look forward to—becoming a fighter and then maybe enjoying life.

"I quit school after my second year in high school. The way it was, was my stepmother and I didn't get along at all. I don't know what it was, but she had this grudge against me. One day we had this argument before I went to school. She was always picking on me. I went to school that day and made up my mind that I was going to run away. I left school early and came home before the rest. I had a bicycle I bought for \$40 on my shoe-shine money. I had a few clothes on the back and that book on boxing

by Nat Fleischer and rode away. Just rode away on my bicycle. It was in March of 1942. I made sure the weather was nice. Spring was just about to break. I had one penny in my pocket. I remember that. Only a penny was all I had. I was just riding into evening. Didn't know where I was going. Didn't know any of the roads where they led.

"I remember it got dark and started to rain. But the weather was warm. I saw this building in the dark, a school or church house it looked like. I crawled under and pulled my bicycle in after me. Slept all night while it rained outside. When I woke and came out I saw that it was just a building, you know what I mean, and there was a man drawing water from a well in the backyard. I looked awful. I had red clay all over me from underneath that building. He must have thought I was up to no good crawling out from under his house looking like that, but I spoke first, so he'd know I was all right. 'On my way to meet my manager,' I told him. 'I got my man waiting for me. I'm going to be a fighter.'

"I got to Appomattox. Auctioned off my bike on a street corner for \$5 or \$8 and caught the bus to Washington, D.C. I met an old lady who gave me a room and a meal and everything. Just like that. Got a job as a dishwasher and setting pins, and I'd go work out at the YMCA on my boxing at night.

"Stayed in Washington about six months maybe and then took a bus to New York and got a room at a Y on 135th Street. The city looked so big to me. I had people there, but I didn't know where they were. I'd get mixed up on the subways. Lost all the time. Went to Stillman's and tried to get someone interested in me, but no one was. I thought maybe New York was too big for me, that I better go some place smaller. I was looking for a place to start. So I took a bus to Philly. I don't know why I chose the place. I didn't know anything about it except that it was smaller than New York. I was lonely. I was. I was lonely for years.

"In Philly I got a job in a shoe shop shining shoes. I told the fellows in the shop I wanted to be a fighter. They said why don't you go down to the Sigma Theta gym in South Philly. I did. And that's where you might say my career officially start-

ed. At that time I was about 18 and living at the Y again. I trained at night and had 16 amateur fights. I lost eight and won eight.

"There was a colored fella at the Sigma Theta named Jimmy Reed who took care of the gym. When I started showing a little improvement he took an interest in me. He saw how serious I was. He'd see me making mistakes, he would correct me. Showed me how to move, how to hold my hands. Not only that, I'd buy books on boxing all the time and read them. In about the year and a half I was having amateur fights, I worked as a busboy in Horn & Hardart's. I also worked in a box factory making



MANAGER PALERMO padded Fox's amazing rag record for "publicity."

cardboard boxes and in the Navy Yard as a ship fitter's helper.

"I was 17 when I turned pro. The way it happened was that Jimmy Reed says nobody wanted to fight me in the amateurs anymore. I said, 'Don't you think I'm going a little too fast?' He told me, 'Don't worry. I'll match you with guys in your own class. Just leave it to me.'

"I had about six or seven fights when they told me that Blinky Palermo was going to come around to the gym and watch me. I'd heard about Blinky, of course. I knew he had good connections. He could get you the fights because he knew the right people.

"So I was punching the bag in a gym in South Philadelphia when Blinky come up the stairs to watch me. I knew he was somebody the way he was dressed. He was dressed real

continued

nice in a dark overcoat and dark hat. We went down the stairs together. He took me downtown and told me he liked the way I punched. He should have liked the way I punched. I couldn't box at all. Palermo didn't know much about fighting then. He never did. He took me into a store and bought me some expensive clothes. He told me my clothes were out of date. I never wore any jittersbug clothes. What I had was always clean and well-pressed. He bought me sport shirts and pants. Blinky didn't like what I picked out. He said, 'I want you to look sharp.' The clothes he picked out for me were of good quality. You can tell good material when you see it. I couldn't bring myself to wear them for a long time, though. I just hung them up in my closet at the Y and looked at them.

'The first thing funny happened when I fought this Larry Kellum, who I had already beat under his own name. This time he called himself Andy Holland. I didn't like it, but I kept my mouth shut.

'Now, I'll tell you, looking backward, the fights I think where they might have laid down for me. First, there was the second Omie Harris fight. I threw some punches in there, but I wasn't in the best condition. I remember I was behind on points. Blinky was in my corner. In the 10th he said, 'These a lot of punches. Throw a lot of punches.' It was then I thought it might be a fix. It's funny, I think I remember. I think I remember Blinky in the other guy's corner, in Harris' corner, before the 10th round started. I threw a lot, but I didn't think I had any power in my punches. I was surprised when he went down. 'Blinky,' I said afterwards, 'did you fix that fight?' 'No,' he said, 'don't pay those guys no mind who tell you things like that.' I believed him then. I mean I was slightly doubtful, if you know what I mean, but I believed him.

'Then there was Nate Bolden. Him I knocked out in two. That's another one I feel funny about. Now you know, I can't be sure. It's just the way I feel. Sometimes you can tell. Bolden, I was a little suspicious of him. He was too elusive, dodging, ducking all the time, to get caught like I caught him. But I can't be sure. Then there was Joe Reddick.

He was tough in the gym, but I don't know. I don't think he was as serious as I was. He might have been dissipated. And, of course, that Larry Kellum. He couldn't beat me anyway. He was just fighting for money. He drank whisky all the time.

'Now about those 48 knockouts I was supposed to have had before the La Motta fight. Blinky made up six of them. Asked him why he did it. Blinky, he told me he was doing it for publicity. Said it would look better that way. He told me, 'You do the fighting, I'll do the managing.' That was his line, and I accepted it. Now, here are the fights I don't think I ever had. There was Jimmy Davenport. I don't remember him. Billy Smith, he's in there twice. I don't remember him, either. Who's this Kid Wolf? Johnny Faria, Wesley Hayes, I never heard of those guys.

'It was in 1946 when I first asked Blinky to get La Motta for me. I told him, I said, 'I got to beat some well-named guys. I got to get better recognition.' I didn't admit to myself that I was going too fast. The picture which I showed my daddy of the million-dollar gate was dancing in my mind.

'Before I went to camp Blinky tells me he's going to give the referee \$1,000. He said he was going to beat La Motta to the punch and get the referee first. I said, 'Blinky, either get yourself a neutral referee or one you don't have to pay.' He said that was the way he was going to do it and that the \$1,000 would come out of my share. I'm thinking how maybe he put the \$1,000 in his pocket, that's

what I'm thinking, because it looked like the referee was giving us equal breaks during the fight.

'Now, that La Motta was strong, but he was a little slow. I mean, if I had railed him I couldn't have beat him. I had to keep him moving. To me it looked as though he was trying to knock me out. I couldn't budge the guy. Throwing fast jabs into his eyes and nose five at a time. Then he started protecting his face, and I started giving him shots to the body hard as I could. Felt the bones in there on one shot. Think I might have broken his rib. I knew it hurt by the expression on his face. It could be he wasn't trying. I don't know. I kept throwing all the time, though. I couldn't afford to get punched. My punching's my defense. I thought he was out to get me. I remember one time, though, that was kind of funny. He kind of caught me off balance, started to throw a punch, then he held back. Oh, there were boos from ringside. Somebody said 'boo,' just like that. I didn't know what La Motta was trying to do."

The saga on the success

'Oh, they booed after the fight. On my way to Philly I stopped off at the corner and bought the papers. 'Fix, fix,' said the headlines. I showed them to Jimmy Reed. Jimmy didn't say anything but 'Yeah, I see that.' He was a little disappointed but not as disappointed as I was. I was really brokenhearted. I asked Blinky. Blinky said no. He swore on his wife and children. He said, 'No, he didn't take no dive.' But I'd keep hearing

"HIGH POINT" OF BILLY FOX'S CAREER CAME IN FIXED FIGHT WITH JAKE LA MOTTA



guys talking about it in boarding houses where I lived and bowling alleys and places where I worked. If you keep hearing something over and over again, it must be right. Got where I used to go up to cops on corners on the street. I didn't tell them my name. I'd say, 'Say, officer, I want to ask you a question. Do you remember the La Motta-Fox fight?' They'd say yeah, they remember it. I'd say, 'Did La Motta take a dive?' The cop'd say, 'Yeah, La Motta took a dive in that fight.' And then I believed it.

"I still feel hurt. It affected my whole life. Made me feel despondent, downhearted, disgusted. I had such good intentions. I have a conscience, and it works on my mind. Why did he have to do it to me? Why couldn't he have done it to a guy who didn't give a damn!

"I used to brush my teeth twice a day, not only in the morning but in the night, too. Was a time there, I think it was three weeks, I didn't brush my teeth at all. Just didn't feel like doing anything, the way I felt. Didn't start back smoking until I read in the papers my fights were fixed. I mean, what's the use of my going through all that sacrifice when guys take advantage of you? So I started smoking. Might as well get some enjoyment out of life. You know how serious I'd been. First thing in the morning I'd get up, shadow-box. I'd shadow-box last thing at night. I wasn't no jitterbug ever. I was always very serious.

"I couldn't pull myself together after the La Motta fight. Thought

I'd just wasted my time. For the second Gus [Lessevich] fight I couldn't train right. Everything I did was half-hearted. I felt lonely and disgusted. I was stopped in the first round and that was it."

Numbers guys and Carbo

"After the second Gus fight I thought maybe a change of managers would help. Herman Taylor (the promoter) called me down to his office for a proposed rematch with La Motta. When I was there I said, 'I don't want to fight for Palermo any more.' He kept asking, 'Do you really mean it?' All the time I was there, as if to say don't do that. But I didn't listen. Finally Herman Taylor, seeing how my mind was made up, got me Hyman Caplin as manager, who had had five champions. Irving Greenberg was putting up the money. They told me he was in the numbers. He didn't really want to manage me. He just wanted to be around kind of like a financial partner. Sure I knew Blinky was in the numbers before I signed with him, but Joe Louis' manager was in the numbers, too. I met Carbo once or twice, too. Met him in a restaurant in New York where we had dinner, between 49th and 50th somewhere. Seemed like a nice guy. Blinky shook hands. Lot of guys at the table. When we got outside I asked Blinky, I said, 'Who's that?' 'That's the boss,' Blinky told me.

"I was living high then, buying expensive clothes, buying cars, selling them like a fool, riding around town having a ball. I married a girl from Pittsburgh in 1947. Bought a house in

Philly and sold it back at a loss. I had two houses at one time. Most of my money was lost in cars and houses. Taxes I didn't figure, and Blinky, he had a big IOU list on me. When I broke up with him and went back to New York I was broke.

"Hyman Caplin had a lot of fights lined up but I didn't have time to train. Matches were too close together. I didn't know that Hyman had sickle-cell and was looking to die. Greenberg was just trying to make him happy doing what he liked best before he died. Caplin had come out of prison. He was in there for swindling.

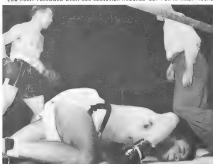
"Now, Jimmy Reed always let me have my way. He would help me, but he didn't rule my training. I read that certain book by Nat Fleischer, and I lived by it. Hyman, though, trained me different. He wanted me to be a boxer. Had me jumping up and down all the time, moving around. That hurt me. Instead of me moving in punching, I was waiting to block a punch. Way I fight, I never imagined the other guy hitting me. It was always me hitting the other guy.

"Had me eating different then, too. He had me eating lobsters, which I thought were awful, but I didn't want to hurt the guy's feelings. I think I had about 12 fights with Caplin and lost four or five of them. Got so I lost so many times I thought I'd rest and lay up a while. Then Caplin and I had an argument about training. I told him he was acting like he wanted me to lose. Right there I think I walked out on him. Greenberg said if I didn't fight for Caplin I didn't fight for nobody. I said, 'Give me my release.' Greenberg said, 'Meet me in the Pennsylvania commission office.' I think Greenberg called O'DaGross [Pennsylvania boxing commissioner] before I came down, because when I got there they suspended me right there. Wouldn't let me fight, they said, because I might get hurt, which I think was something they cooked up between themselves. That was in 1950.

"While I was in the money my wife and I tried to have a baby, but she had two miscarriages. Now when I was broke and the payments on the house due, my money from the fights gone, out pops the baby. I tried to get my license back, to get someone interested in me. People said yeah, but I could see they weren't inter-

continued

LOW POINT FOLLOWED WHEN GUS LESSEVICH KNOCKED OUT FOX IN FIRST ROUND





THE AGONY OF UTTER EXHAUSTION WITH TALENTED CHAMPION EIGHT-OARED CREW AT END OF VICTORIOUS 1988 OLYMPIC RACE

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

Rowing is the most punishing of sports, but crewmen say it also has unique rewards
by **BRUCE LEE**

ONE of the most beautiful sights in sports (for the spectator) is a row of shells skimming speedily over the water, oars flashing in perfect harmony, to the finish line of a race—and one of the most unforgettable is the collapse that immediately follows, when the crewmen dissolve where they sit into an exhausted tangle of bodies and limbs (above). For

no sport can match the precision under pressure imposed on eight men in a rowing boat, nor the all-out effort required of them—an effort which will reach a peak this weekend on Onondaga Lake, near Syracuse, N.Y., where the best eight-oared college crews in the country will be competing in the U.S. Olympic rowing trials.

Why do seemingly sane and perfectly healthy college athletes expend themselves to such a degree in a sport that yields so little personal glory? Crew alone, of all sports, penalizes rather than rewards

continued



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WHY DO THEY DO IT? continued

individual initiative. There is no place in crew for the "star" player who reacts in his own way to a given game condition. A crewman who deviates the slightest bit from the prescribed pattern of rowing will lose a race for his team. A crewman's life, therefore, is necessarily one long anonymous grind that is translated into team victory or team defeat.

There is no easy way to drive a 275-pound shell carrying about 1,600 pounds of human cargo through the water at a race-winning speed of at least 13 miles per hour. One textbook of kinesiology, analyzing the different sports, rates crew as "requiring the greatest amount of continuing effort." Each stroke of the nine- to 10-pound oar against the resistance of the water is equivalent to lifting a 70-pound weight to shoulder height. At a beat of 36, a crewman would be "lifting the weight" once every two seconds for 16 or 17 minutes—the duration of a crew race.

The effort is multiplied by the fact that there is absolutely nothing natural about rowing. Every movement must be taught. The shells, 62 feet long, 24 inches wide and 15 inches deep, are made of red cedar only one-eighth of an inch thick. They have eight inches of freeboard and little stability. One of the first lessons for a crewman is to maintain balance.

He sits on a seat that slides on eight little wheels about 18 inches along metal rails. His feet are tied into braces with leather thongs. He rows, therefore, by pushing his legs and back as well as by pulling with his arms and legs.

The crewman's oar, or sweep, is 12 feet 1 inch long and is held in position by a triangular outrigger. The oarsman's hands are a thumb's length apart on the oar handle. When he is pulling the oar, his hands, wrists and arms are plumb-line level. If an oarsman cooked his wrists to pull, his forearms soon would cramp badly enough to put him out of commission. If an oar is not lifted from the water with a clean snap, water pressure against the oar's slightly scooped blade will slam the handle against the crewman's chest. This "catching a crab" has knocked oarsmen out of their shell.

To acquire perfect form, crews practice six days a week during three fall months and five days a week in four spring months. An oarsman pulls his sweep an average of 1,329 times an hour in practice. From the first practice day, crew is blister-raising work.

"I wish I had a dime for each time I was asked what I ever got out of crew other than blisters and backache," says Claude Hutchison, a lean-muscle 6-foot 4-inch, 185-pounder who was No. 3 sweep for University



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of California crews four straight years (1956-59). "I confess there were moments when I wondered, too. Now that I'm a year out of the shell I can see the real rewards of crew. Although any crewman realizes faintly that he's getting far more value out of crew than just exercise, I think it takes time away from the sport to be able

OLYMPIC ROWING TRIALS

PLACE: Onondaga Lake, Syracuse

DATE: July 7-9

EVENTS: U.S. Olympic qualifiers

- 1 Four-oars with coxswain
- 2 Pair-oars
- 3 Single sculls
- 4 Pair-oars with coxswain
- 5 Four-oars
- 6 Double sculls
- 7 Eight-oars with coxswain

Entrants in all events will come from U.S. colleges and athletic clubs. Heats of four boats apiece will be run off in each rowing event. First- and second-place finishers will qualify for the semifinals. Third- and fourth-place boats will then race in heats called repechages, and the winners will also enter the semifinals. First- and second-place boats in the semifinals of all events will go into the finals, to be held on July 9. In the eight-oared crew races, the most important contest in the trials, top college coxswains are California, Cornell, Navy, Harvard, Washington, Penn and Brown.

to spell out objectively what these values are. The active competitor can't be analytical because all his energies are concentrated on gutting it out so he can win the race."

"Gutting it out," to Huihuihan, as to all crewmen, means going to the extreme limits of endurance. As he recalls it now, it was a test of nerves before the race, a test of sheer staying power during it. On regatta Saturdays he would arrive at the California beachhouse an hour and a half before race time. He always walked out on the floating dock from which the shells are launched and stared moodily at the Oakland Estuary waters on

continued



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WHY DO THEY DO IT? continued

which the race would be rowed. He liked to believe he was checking the water currents and the wind, but he knows now that the painedness of the current flowing steadily from San Francisco Bay helped calm his nervous stomach.

After standing motionless on the deck for a long time, Hutchison would walk slowly to the boathouse and change into trunks, socks and sweat shirt. He then sat quietly on the wooden bench in front of his locker, his mind restless and his stomach still fluttering. There was little noise in the boathouse. When teammates spoke to Hutchison, he replied with few words, if at all. He wanted to cry out, "Let's get it over with."

Time for action

Finally the long, agonizing period of introspection was over, and Hutchison and his teammates lifted the shell off its rack, turned it over, carried it out to the floating dock and gingerly eased it into the water. At an easy, low, warmup stroke, the crewmen rowed up current to the starting line, two and a half miles away. After a few practice starts, they rowed a quarter mile past the starting line and took one last start in the racing direction, with the tide. Then they idled toward the line and waited on their oars. "Waiting for anything is always the worst," says Hutchison reflectively.

Once the race started, Hutchison and his teammates pulled savagely on their oars. All pre-race tension disappeared. The beat was 37 for the first 20 strokes and then it settled back gradually to a 50. The sprint start took Hutchison's wind away but the slower rhythm helped restore it. After the first half mile, however, he was tired, extremely tired. He thought about the two and a half miles to go and felt he couldn't do it. But he knew he had to. He commanded himself to catch, drive, lift and recover in the exact pattern he had been taught. He carefully thought out every stroke.

"But my mind wandered," says Hutchison. "The coxswain screamed at me to watch my form." Hutchison forced himself to pay attention to what he was doing. He riveted his eyes on the sweaty, corded neck of

continued

the No. 4 man in front of him. For a mile, a mile and a half, two miles, two miles and a half, each crewman stroked his oar once every two seconds.

In the last half mile the beat was increased for a sprint finish. It had to be rowed carefully without destroying the powerful, smooth rhythm of the oarsmen. Slowly, from a mid-race beat of 30, it was stepped up to 31, to 32, to 33, to 34 and to 35.

"I heard the cox pounding the beat on the side of the shell with his tiller-rope handles," says Hutchison, "but my mind was numb. I had forgotten who the opponent was. I only wanted strength and will enough to last out the race."

Time for agony

As the beat increased even more, Hutchison's strokes became almost automatic. He knew he should keep his form but his arms wouldn't respond. His eyes felt as if they were exploding from his head. Saliva dripped from his mouth. His chest seemed as if it were on fire. His hands were slippery and ached badly. He thought he was losing his grip and wouldn't be able to hold on to the oar.

"The man in front of me seemed to be bobbing strangely. I gasped for air and spots danced in front of my eyes. I had pulled my oar more than 500 times in this race and was certain I couldn't pull it one more stroke."

Suddenly the cox shouted, "Way enough." Hutchison collapsed in his slide. He had no control over his legs. He slumped forward limply. He was sick but too exhausted to retch. He didn't care whether Cal won or lost. He didn't care about anything.

"I admit," Hutchison adds, "that straining to pull an oar so precisely doesn't sound like much fun, and frankly, if crew had been just a matter of sitting in a shell and practicing rowing day after day, I'd never have done it. That would have been too much like doing 1,300 push-ups every day. It would be fine for the muscles but what would be accomplished otherwise?"

"The fun of crew is the competition," Cal has at least five variety boats on the water every day and all are always racing. It's comparable to football players, who hate the

continued



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WHY DO THEY DO IT? continued

drudgery of dummy tacking and bag blocking but love the chance to scrimmage every day. In crew, even when working on form at a very low stroke, each boat is trying to win at that stroke. The reason we try to win is obvious; each man and boat is striving for promotion."

Crewmen are promoted—or demoted—according to their form and their power as demonstrated in the success of their boat. The coach, riding in his launch a few yards from the shells, can readily evaluate each man's form. Our puddles leave a telltale mark; a geometrical swirl of water indicates a perfect catch. White water during a drive indicates the oar is too close to the surface and is breaking through. A splash shows that the blade wasn't cleanly removed from or dipped into the water.

But the true indication of a crewman's prowess and desire is whether his boat wins or loses. Desire is an intangible in most sports; in crew it can be measured. If the No. 4 oar is shifted from shell to shell and each promptly loses its practice races, the No. 4 oar either cannot or will not pull his weight.

"You see," explains Hutchinson,



GRADUATE Classmate Hutchinson rowed No. 2 men in Cal crew over four-year period.

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stroke Gary Yancy rowed bow on Cal crew that won this year's IRA Regatta.

"nobody can goof off in crew and still have the boat move. The losing oarsman without desire is as easily spotted as the guy who would pitch underhand to Mickey Mantle. No other sport demands the complete teamwork that crew does. In football a misread block doesn't necessarily negate a touchdown. In crew, unless all oarsmen work in perfect unison and at full strength all the time, the shell simply cannot win. I, at the No. 3 oar, just couldn't save myself anywhere along the line. If I didn't put out with every stroke, the man in front of me and the man behind me couldn't possibly win, however hard they were trying.

"That is why every crewman loves his sport and is so willing to push himself so hard," states Hutchison. "I, as a crewman, was individually important. If I didn't row hard and well, California didn't win."

That is also why crewmen collapse in their slides after a race, their bodies and minds extended to the limit. "No football game, no football season," says Dave de Varona, once a Rose Bowl game left tackle and a record-setting Poughkeepsie Regatta crewman, "comes close to matching the agony or requiring the determination of crew. In the 18-plus minutes of

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WHY DO THEY DO IT? continued

the 1959 Poughkeepsie race I lost 12 pounds. To punish myself as, I must have been something of a masochist. No actively competing crewman will admit he is—I didn't at the time. But a football player finds emotional release through rough contact—blocking, tackling. In crew there is no contact, so the only emotional outlet for me was to punish myself."

A crewman keeps going past the human inclination to quit so he won't let his teammates down. He knows he must remain at his oarlock no matter how tired, sick or pained he may become, simply because no one can take his place in a race.

"In crew," says Gary Yancey, a 185-pound, 4-foot 4-inch senior on the Cal crew that will be competing in the Olympic trials, "there are no specialists and no stars. Everybody is equally important, doing the same job and for the same purpose. A crewman can go just as far as he's willing to extend himself. That's the whole key. It depends on the individual, not on the gift of physical ability."

And in extending himself, a crewman does not necessarily become an automaton. "It still annoys me," says Claude Hutchison, "that a lot of people consider crewmen bores with limited brain power. Swinging an oar is not purely mechanical. Each oarsman must think with every stroke because he must describe an exact pattern and still not lose power. Suppose a shotputter, in addition to using all his strength to get maximum distance, had to hit a small bull's-eye with each put. That, in essence, is what a crewman has to do with every stroke. It requires intense concentration to row crew."

Crewmen like Claude Hutchison and Gary Yancey think they know why they get so much out of crew. The young men on Onondaga Lake also do, or they wouldn't be there. They don't expect to make many converts but only wish for a little better understanding. "The word for crew," sums up Claude Hutchison, "is satisfaction. After each practice, after each race, I get the feeling of 'I've done it.' Through crew I have gained a quiet self-confidence. For the rest of my life I can be assured that whatever wall may confront me, if I refuse to quit—and no crewman can be a quitter—I can surmount it." **END**



A classic setting for a classic drink: Daiquiris at La Casa Blanca. Photo by Tom Holloman.

"Richard hates sight-seeing. Loves Daiquiris. Ah well!"

—writes Mary Mencham, who discovered the driest of all Daiquiris in Puerto Rico.

IMAGINE my husband, a staid scientist and a staunch defender of the rum highball, getting excited over a cocktail.

But I will say that dry, white Puerto Rican rum makes the difference in a Daiquiri. It's so dry, it tingles—even on the rocks. Señor Morales, our host, admitted that the unusual dryness of Puerto Rican rum puzzled even him.

"Some say it's the aging in oak," he explained. "Others claim it's because our

rums are distilled at extra high proof. Frankly, I think it has to do with Puerto Rico's sunshine and mountain water."

My husband, in San Juan for the American Radiom Society Convention just sipped his Daiquiri and beamed. Sometimes he can be quite unscientific. Thank heavens.

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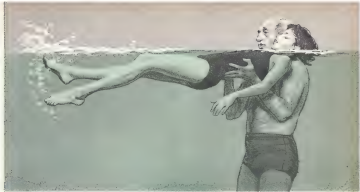
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PRESSING GENTLY UP WITH HANDS, COACH MATT MANN HOLDS PUPIL IN CORRECT BODY POSITION WHILE SHE PRACTICES KICK.

PART II Teach Your Child to Swim

THE BACKSTROKE

Two weeks ago Matt Mann, drawing on his 52 years of experience as a swimming coach, began a series of lessons in basic swimming by presenting his simple technique for teaching the crawl stroke. This week Coach Mann continues his instructions by showing how to teach children the backstroke.

by **MATT MANN**

Illustrated by Ed Vohell

THROUGH the crawl will serve adequately in most situations, there is a very good reason why everyone entering the world of water sports today should learn two other basic strokes—the backstroke and the breaststroke. In the water, versatility means durability. All three strokes use just about every muscle in the body, but each uses the muscles somewhat differently. Thus, by switching from one stroke to another, a versatile swimmer can relieve his muscles—in a sense, rest a bit—while he keeps moving through the water.

Because it is essentially a crawl swum on the back, the backstroke, demonstrated on these pages, is log-

ically the second stroke to teach a child. In fact, often when I am giving a youngster regular instructions—say, three or more lessons a week—I will relieve the routine of practice by starting in on the backstroke even before the pupil is competent enough to go it alone in the crawl.

My granddaughter Marilyn, who served as a model pupil for the crawl, again this week helps me demonstrate my methods for teaching the backstroke. There being no appreciable difference between sexes when learning any stroke, naturally my advice applies equally if your pupil is a boy.

In one respect the backstroke is simpler than the crawl. Because the

face is above water at all times, breathing is no problem; the pupil needs only to coordinate two important actions, the kick and arm strokes.

In the backstroke, as in the crawl, I teach the kick first, then add the arm movements to it. The action of the backstroke kick, like that of the crawl kick, emanates from the hips, one leg lifting up as the other drops down. The feet should be limp at all times, as limp as can be. The knees should be fairly relaxed, so that each leg flexes slightly and naturally at the knee on the kick up but is quite straight on the drop down.

To introduce Marilyn to the kick I first take her into foot-deep water. There, by sitting down and leaning back, supporting her upper body on her elbows, she can start trying the leg action slowly and easily. If there were no shallows suitable for this preliminary practice, I would have Marilyn recline in the same fashion on land. By taking her feet in my hands

continued

and guiding her legs I can give her a fair idea of the proper action. However, I do not let her try kicking much by herself on land, because the legs weigh far more out of water and to lift them the knees must be stiffened unnaturally.

As soon as Marilyn understands how the legs are supposed to move I take her into water up to my shoulders, where I can easily support her in the correct position while she practices kicking. As the illustration at the top of the preceding page shows, her head rests on my shoulder while she kicks, and I press gently up with both hands in the small of her back.

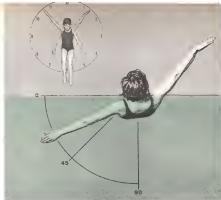
Because there is no breathing problem in the backstroke, I can begin to inculcate good body position at this early stage in my instruction. Ideally, a backstroker lies almost horizontal from the toes to the middle of the back, with the upper back and shoulders curving up slightly and the chin tucked in a little as the head tilts toward the feet. Because much of the lift afforded by the kicking action is at the feet, and because the upper body is more buoyant than the thighs and hips, beginners naturally tend to sag in the middle. Therefore, as Marilyn practices kicking, I apply gentle pressure upward with my hands, not only so she will be relaxed and unconcerned about sinking but also to help her get the feel of the correct body position.

In the backstroke, as in the crawl, Marilyn's main objective during kicking practice is not to develop propulsive power but, more important, to acquire an easy, rhythmic action that will afford stability and lift to the lower, less buoyant half of the body. There is a tendency among beginners to kick too hard, creating a

great splash and, in some cases, bringing the whole foot out of water on the kick up. The sudden emergence of a foot into the air wastes energy, destroys the all-important sense of balance and also forces the opposite leg to go too deep, creating unnecessary resistance. Even though the pupil may not be kicking too hard, neither foot coming out of the water or going too deep, she is still liable to commit another error that I discussed in the crawl two weeks ago: bicycling the legs. When a swimmer bends the knee too much as the thigh swings up, the kick becomes more of a pumping, bicycle action

than a lift up and a drop down. Practice with the knees stiffened slightly will eliminate this flaw. In the illustration at the top of the preceding page Marilyn is kicking properly, her right foot barely ruffling the surface. Her left foot is, at most, eight or 10 inches below the surface. Marilyn practices this correct action until it is virtually automatic. When she can do a proper kick without giving it any thought, she's ready to learn the arm action. But before I show her how to use the arms, I first explain the movements to her in simple terms.

In the backstroke, as in the crawl, a swimmer propels himself by catch-



PROPER ARM ACTION from head-on view (large illustration) shows left arm angling down 30° midway through press, while the right arm sweeps forward away from the body during the recovery. Overhead view of swimmer superimposed on clock shows that the arms catch the water at seven minutes of and seven minutes after 12.

AS THE RIGHT arm starts to press, the swimmer rolls slightly to the right side.

WHEN RIGHT arm has passed through power zone, body rides level in water.



ing and pressing the water with one arm while recovering the other out over the water. Because of the design of the human body, a swimmer lying on his back in the water cannot easily catch the water straight ahead. If you superimposed a typical backstroke on the face of a clock, as in the smaller of the two illustrations at left, the swimmer's right hand would catch the water at about seven minutes to 12 and the left hand at seven minutes after. In the larger illustration and in the sequence of Marilyn backstroking at the bottom of the page, you can see that from the catch through the press underwater until the hand ends up alongside the upper thigh the arm does not travel in a shallow plane, but rather, it arcs downward like a rowboat oar, angling about 30° below the horizontal at the deepest point, half-way through the arc.

During the catch, press and recovery, the hand should be kept straight in line with the forearm, fingers together but not tense. As each hand catches, the palm is facing slightly upward so that the outside edge of the hand (the edge along the little finger) enters first. Underwater, of course, the hand presses squarely against the water.

The beginner should start pressing early from the moment of the catch and keep pressing until the arm passes through the mid-point of the arc. This is the area of maximum power, when the hand is pressing at right angles to the swimmer's line of travel. Once past the mid-point, the pressure should be eased off so that at the very end of the stroke the arm almost drifts up alongside the body. To get the most out of each stroke, some good backstrokers keep pressing through most of the underwater arc until the arm is virtually back at

the surface alongside the leg. And a few topnotch racers bend the arm a good bit at the finish in order to give a little extra push before the hand rises from the water. But for the beginner I feel it is best to keep the arm fairly straight throughout the press, with the elbow relaxed so there is only a slight bending as the arm swings back up to the side.

As the hand rises above water to start the recovery, the arm should be straight but, here again, not stiff. If, at the start of the recovery, the hand is vertical, that is, with palm facing in toward the body, the hand will come out of the water most easily. As the arm moves forward through the air, the hand is turned slightly so that the palm faces the feet. With the hand in this position (as you can see by trying it on land), the natural rotation of the shoulder during the recovery will put the outside edge of the hand back into the water first on the next catch. Throughout the recovery, the arm is not lifted vertically but out at an angle, away from the body. This prevents water from sloshing in the face and brings the arm more directly to the entry position at seven minutes of and seven minutes after.

Practicing the stroke

In the backstroke, as in the crawl, the body will roll to the side of the arm that is pressing. This puts the opposite shoulder slightly higher, facilitating recovery of the other arm. With an expert swimmer, this roll is a subtle, easy movement. However, with a beginner I never expect anything near perfection. I am satisfied if the roll is not so excessive that it destroys the rhythm of the stroke or upsets the balance in the water.

After explaining the stroke to Marilyn, for actual practice I take her

again into water that comes high on my shoulders. There I support her as I did before while she was kicking. But now, as she kicks, I gradually slip my hands up her back and finally take hold of the backs of her arms just above or just below the elbows. While she continues kicking easily, I guide her arms alternately through the stroke.

If she still seems slightly heavy in the water, to keep her at ease I put a small tube around her waist, inflated just enough to give her natural buoyancy but not so much that she rides unnaturally high in the water.

After guiding Marilyn's arms through the action, I next put my hands under her back so she can practice the movements without any control by me. As she gets the feel of it, I slowly back up, yielding to the increasing strength of her stroke. As both my hands and my eyes tell me that she is gaining confidence in her own buoyancy, I gradually ease off the pressure of my hands on her back. When I can barely feel her weight, I drop my hands away completely.

Once you have your pupil going in this way under her own power, I urge you to remember, above all, that the ability to thrash a dozen strokes without stopping proves nothing. It is better for the beginner to take only two or three good, relaxed strokes, then stop and try three or four more, and slowly develop an easy way of stroking through the water.

AN OLD, RESTFUL STROKE

Two weeks hence Coach MARR concludes his basic swimming lessons by showing how he teaches the old orthodox breaststroke, a restful and valuable part of any swimmer's repertoire.

AS THE LEFT arm presses, body rolls to left, with right shoulder rising slightly.

WHEN THE LEFT arm starts off pressure, the right arm is finishing the recovery.



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Jerry Cooke

EYE IN THE SULKY

The pacers pounding out of the opposite and following pages are the result of a unique experiment in photography. While watching a harness race recently, Photographer Jerry Cooke became intrigued with the possibility of taking pictures which "would give the feeling of being right in the sulky during a race." Cooke explained his idea to Del Miller, the owner-trainer-driver, and Miller agreed to cooperate. Then, with the approval of the stewards at New York's Roosevelt Raceway, Cooke strapped a camera onto the back of Miller's sulky during an actual race.

Says Cooke, "We used an electric-motor-driven camera, hooked up to a small radio receiver. I was in the infield with binoculars and a sending unit. When Miller's horse seemed well-positioned during the race, I sent a signal to the radio which in turn triggered the camera and made it take a burst of photographs."

The pictures put the reader out in the middle of the track, viewing the other pacers as Miller would if he looked back. They show how closely rival horses breathe down a driver's neck, the scant inches of tolerance between wheels as drivers make their moves, the nightmare blur of lights and grandstand that a driver glimpses as he whirls around the race track spread-eagled in a light, bouncy sulky.

Strain of effort forces pacer to gulp air through distended nostrils and clenched teeth as he follows close behind leader in clubhouse turn





A dark horse is shown in profile, facing right. A camera is mounted on its head, and a lead is visible. The horse is standing on a wooden platform, likely a jockey box at a racetrack. In the background, a racetrack is visible at night, with several bright lights illuminating the scene. The overall atmosphere is dark and moody.

Pacers go into the first turn
at Roosevelt Racetrack, and this is
the way they look to radio-operated
camera attached to the lead molly



RIGHT CROSS BY FULLMER AND BASILIO AS HE MISSES WITH HIS OWN LEFT TO JAW

BOXING / James Murray

Out with a snarl

Frustrated by Fullmer's style, Basilio lost his head and the fight at the same time

THE melancholy fact of last week's Carmen Basilio-Genie Fullmer middleweight championship match was not that Basilio lost. It was how he lost that was so dismaying and disheartening. As a champion of two divisions, a man who has fought 10 title fights and more than 60 others, Carmen Basilio has given the prize ring some of its most memorable battles. "He would fight a lion if you just pointed him at one," an admiring handler once observed proudly.

But against Fullmer in Salt Lake City, Carmen seemed to feel he was fighting not a lion but a pack of hyenas. Faced with the certitude of defeat for the first time in his career, he yielded to a combination of vexation, exasperation and just plain timidity and gave a demonstration that was shocking and unworthy.

He shouted at the crowd, cursed the referee, stuck his tongue out at a lady spectator and—unhappy of all to report—made obscene gestures at his opponent, an elder of the Mormon Church, who methodically beat him to a pulp for his discourtesy. He even committed the cardinal sin of prizefighting: threatening a defenseless referee. Those who were ashamed for him were ashamed because they

knew this was not the real Basilio but a desperate competitor who was really railing against the fact that his fine career is all too obviously at an end.

Why couldn't Basilio accept the finality of defeat more gracefully? It is doubtful if even he knows the whole answer to that. But there are portents. The main one is Fullmer himself. A trying man to fight under the best of circumstances, he seemed to Basilio to be an affront to Carmen's skill. Fullmer looks clumsy and easy to hit. For Basilio, he wasn't. Fullmer is a swarmer, a clincher, a dervish of awkward fury who throws punches from all angles of unorthodoxy and is as hard to swat as a fly in a hot room.

Moreover, he's bigger than Basilio. From ankle to chest to biceps to neck size, Fullmer is middleweight. It is the tragedy of Carmen Basilio that he is not. He is a natural welterweight who graduated into the middleweight division for a big-money crack at Ray Robinson and then could not reduce his way back to his natural habitat.

When he was savagely beaten by Fullmer in San Francisco last August, Basilio persuaded himself he had been the victim merely of a tactical error: he had, as usual, carried the fight to Fullmer.

This time he planned to let Fullmer come to him. He would even switch to his childhood style of southpaw

fighting at the critical moment. This would be when Fullmer would start one of his characteristic rushes. Carmen intended to intercept him with a left hook, the one that had dumped Kid Gavilan and kayoted Tony DeMarco and Johnny Saxton.

Basilio's hooks let

The basic flaw in the plan was that Basilio could not hurt Fullmer. And he found this out early in the fight—in the second round, when he caught the onrushing Fullmer flush with a brace of left hooks that exploded out of the classic Basilio crouch. Fullmer did not even blink. It was then that Carmen began to lash out at his environment, to blame everybody for his frustration except the one man responsible—Fullmer. When the referee, Pete Giacomini, cautioned Carmen about a low blow in the third round, Carmen succinctly told him "Go to hell." It was the start of his temporary loss of dignity and was rooted in his disappointment in himself.

There is a grandeur about a man hurling himself upon an opponent who is sure to beat him badly for his pains. And there was a grandeur about Basilio, with his face bloodied, his body redolent, and his shoulders and chest a mass of lacerations from glove laces, carrying the fight to his tormentor. It was a kind of forlorn Pickett's Charge that adds but raises admiration and respect in the hearts of men.

Unfortunately, Carmen was too fiery a competitor to accept martyrdom uncritically. His moral disintegration became noticeable to the crowd in the fifth round, when Basilio heard Fullmer's manager, Marv Jensen, shouting one of his (probably meaningless) signals at his fighter, "Seven-four." Carmen broke off the fight to shout "Six-two" in derision. In the sixth round, when he heard Jensen shout, "Watch the low blows," Basilio roared, "Watch these." In his extremity, he developed a near-fatal case of rabbit ears. He was, at the last, an angry man and not a professional prizefighter.

In the eighth round, belted through the ropes, Basilio leaped a few steps at the roost of photographers perched on the ring apron. Preoccupied with this distraction, he found himself catching a good left hook on the chin moments later and he went

down backwards. Furious at himself, his face working, he promptly turned the legitimate knockdown into a burlesque by doing a quick back somersault. His camouflage worked and the referee was fooled. The clean knockdown was ruled a slip even though it was the most elaborate "slip" ringdodgers had ever seen.

By the 10th round, Basilio was lurching to his corner on flat feet and with eyes grown glassy. The fight had degenerated into target practice for Fullmer. Basilio was only vestigially dangerous and soon he wasn't even that. With six seconds to go in the 12th, Glacoma stopped the fight. Carmen's rage really spilled over. "Waddaya mean?" he screamed. "Ya can't do this, I'll—" and he pushed the referee and drew back his fist as if to smash him in the face. Fullmer stared at him in disbelief. Police poured into the ring. Carmen was led to his corner. He drew back his fist again but his handler, Big Mike De John, a heavyweight contender himself, enveloped him.

A late press conference

That night Basilio's good friend, the press agent emeritus of the fight game, Murray Goodman, became concerned over the damage done to the Basilio image by the final scenes in the ring and the wirephotos flooding the country showing Basilio screaming and squaring off at a referee. Goodman set up an unprecedented postmidnight press conference in the loser's hotel room. A calmer but unreconstructed Basilio sat, barefoot, in slacks and a windbreaker.

"Retire?" scoffed Carmen. "When it comes to retire, you got to think about it. You gonna get me a job paying \$20,000 a year? I got to fight just to pay my taxes." He was asked about his gestures in the ring. "You gonna print that?" he asked derisively. Someone passed a picture around. It showed a Basilio of 10 years ago. "Ya see," commented a friend, "ya talk about his 'craggy' face and what fighting's done. But his face looked the same even then, before he used to fight." "Carmen was born beat up," cracked a newsmen. Carmen laughed heartily. "You'll collect \$54,000," he was told. Carmen grew serious. "A good pay night. But I earned it," he murmured.

It was little enough for what Carmen had lost.

END



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SPALDING

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A lackluster finish for Wimbledon

The amateurs' unexciting play encouraged advocates of a 1981 open tournament

PRINCESS ANNE was there. Princess Margaret was there. Prince Philip was there. And Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones was there. So were some 14,000 others of plain or fancy lineage as Australia's Neale Fraser, battling left-handed, defeated his left-handed countryman, Rod Laver, on the center court of the All England Club for the Wimbledon championship last week.

Although it had its moments, the match will not be recorded as one of the great ones in Wimbledon's 83-year history. And it almost certainly marked the end of a tennis epoch. This week, in Paris, the International Lawn Tennis Federation considers a

plan for a schedule of open tournaments in 1981. There is no apparent opposition. Wimbledon and seven other major tournaments should therefore be open to amateurs and professionals beginning next year.

The betting at Wimbledon last week was that a companion proposal to create a new category of "authorized" players would be defeated or deferred for later action. This is the controversial scheme, advanced by France's Jean Borotra, to permit certain outstanding players to be paid over the table yet remain amateurs in the eyes of the ILTF. Suggested as a means of ending hypocrisy in amateur tennis, the plan has been backed by France and Britain but violently opposed by the U.S. and Australia.

Gritty old girl that she is, despite the ever-declining quality of her ten-

nis, Wimbledon wore her best paint and powder for this year's tournament. If there were unbecoming brown patches on the usually emerald center court, an unavoidable fungus disease was to blame. The ladies' hats were as stupendous, the traditional Wimbledon strawberries as big and red, and the cars carrying fashionable Londoners to the matches as big and black as ever.

The Australian monopoly of the men's singles does not necessarily mean that the Aussies will continue to dominate world tennis. After Fraser, who is 28, and Laver, 21, there are no Australians with comparable talents. And though the American tide was at its lowest ebb ever—we had no one in the men's semifinal round for the first time since the war and were shut out of the women's final for the first time since the '20s—there were signs that the U.S. might be back at the top before another summer goes by.

Youngsters have promise

First, the tall, fiery Earl Buckholz, only 19, battled Fraser to the verge of a quarter-final defeat before a bad ankle and leg cramps forced him to retire. Then there was the emergence of a scowling 17-year-old Californian, Dennis Ralston (below), as a doubles hero. Young Chuck McKinley (81, May 16), who fell in the third round, was obviously just a year away from tennis maturity. Pert Karen Hantze, 17, did very well in reaching the quarter-finals in her Wimbledon debut, taking a set from Britain's No. 1 player, Christine Truman. She served like a man but must spend time patting power into her cream-puff forehand.

But our best bets at Wimbledon didn't have it when it counted. Harry MacKay and Darlene Hard are both 24, are both subject to erratic swings from their top form and were upset in their quarter-final rounds. MacKay, the pre-Wimbledon favorite, lost to the smooth patterns of Italy's Nicola Pietrangeli, and Miss Hard to the extraordinary forehand power of South Africa's blonde Sandra Reynolds.

So Wimbledon lacked grandeur but not significance. And the prospect of an open tournament next year, with all the implications of that historic step, overshadowed the players and their performances. **END**



SUMMER WINNERS of men's doubles, the pick-up American-Mexican team of Dennis Ralston (left) and Rafael Osuna receives trophy from the Duchess of Kent. Unknown to Wimbledon galleries and tennis fans generally when the tournament started, Ralston, a 17-year-old Californian, and Osuna, a sophomore at USC, upset favored teams from Italy, Sweden, South Africa, Australia and, in the final, England's own Davis Cup pair, to provide the tournament with its principal drama.

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Easy at Portmarnock

**For the Canada Cup, Irish
skies were smiling and the U.S.
won in a light breeze**

THE eighth Canada Cup match, which the American team of Sam Snead and Arnold Palmer won by the comfortable margin of eight shots, was played at Portmarnock, in the duneslands near Dublin, and while there are those who hold that among Irish courses both Newcastle County Downs and Portrush are superior, a great many more insist that Portmarnock is not only Ireland's finest course but one of the four best tests of golf in the British Isles—along with St. Andrews (where Arnold Palmer competes in the British Open this week), Muirfield and Haystack.

The majority of Portmarnock's holes are tucked in the folds between the dunes or separated by sharp ridges of rough. What makes the course fearsome, aside from its length (7,803 yards), is the combination of heavy swirling winds and the formidable rough—a thick growth of seaside grass, creeping willow, ferns, yarrow and countless wild rosebushes.

For the Canada Cup, the course played much easier than it usually does. To insure that the fairways would be fresh and unscarred—new turf grows slowly—the members of the club never used the fairways during the four months preceding the tournament. Fairway lies were picked up and placed in the adjacent rough and played from there. Can you imagine the members of our clubs willingly undergoing a similar sacrifice?

The rough, cut short weeks before, had not grown back to its full terror, for this was Ireland's driest spring in years. The lack of rain, of course, made the fairways fast. On top of this, during the week of the match there was very little wind. Each day around noon a ripple of breeze blew in

with the tide, but nothing like the whipping gales that in the past have made experts work like the devil to break 80. In fact, during the four days of the tournament the weather was uniformly warm and bright and, for Ireland, practically tropical. "This is a typical Irish summer," the ex footieer, or prime minister, commented. "The first typical Irish summer we've had in 10 years." After Gary Player set a new course record of 65 in the first round, most of the native golf enthusiasts faced such enervating, windless day torn between joy and dismay; they were happy their visitors liked the weather but they openly confessed what a shame it was that the professional stars might be deprived of experiencing the true glories of Portmarnock—which come only when it is played in a fine cross-wind with a gold belt of rain.

Despite their disappointment, large crowds turned out for the



THE ENORMOUS CUP fell easily to Snead (left) and Palmer for third U.S. triumph.

match, 16,000 on the first and second days, 15,000 on the third and close to 20,000 on the Sunday. The Irish, much more than is generally realized, are keen and knowing golf fans. While you cannot by any means call golf the national game, there are some 200 courses on this island of 3 million people, the highest number of courses per capita of any land in the world. After the two outstanding Irish professionals, Christy O'Connor and Harry Bradshaw, carried off the Canada Cup in Mexico City in 1958, thousands welcomed them as heroes and there were torchlight parades far into the night.

Pinnacle of the people

This year there were two things above all that the crowds wanted to see. First, they were hopeful that their home team of O'Connor and Norman Drew (who replaced the aging Bradshaw this year) would acquit themselves well. They did, too, finishing fourth among the 36 competing nations, behind the U.S., England and Australia. Second, they wanted to see Palmer and Snead in action, especially Sam Snead, who has the stature of a legendary hero in their eyes. Slamming Sam did not disappoint them. Until he faltered on the last nine the final day, he was in wonderful form, long and straight off the tee, almost faultless with his iron play, and putting beautifully. The galleries loved it. On the first day, after Sam had poked out a particularly long drive, a man of the cloth turned to a colleague and exclaimed, "Man, he certainly gives it a most unmerciful knock."

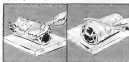
The American victory, the first since 1936, when Snead and Ben Hogan won at Westworth in England, was set up by two glorious rounds by Snead (68 and 67) on the second and third days. In the Canada Cup the scores of both players are added together and the winner is the team which compiles the lowest composite score for the four rounds of 18 holes. After the first day, the American pair stood second. On the second day they moved out in front. They opened a three-stroke lead on the third day and on the last day the outcome was never in doubt. On that fourth day Palmer was in one of his most resolute moods. Where Snead had put the American pair into the lead, Palmer

continued

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GOLF continued

kept them there with his concluding 69. The Australians, playing with the Americans, never mounted a serious challenge. The South African team of Gary Player and Bobby Locke, out two hours earlier, ruined their chances when they both botched up the 6th.

This hole, 585 yards up a gradual, well-trapped slope to a tilted green, is the longest hole on any of the championship courses in the British Isles. The South Africans came to it just after noon when the tide was in and the wind was up fairly high. Their tee shots were blown into the rough to the left of the narrow fairway. Player's recovery left him still in the rough. He hooked his third even farther off line. He arrived at the edge of the green with his fourth but then took three to get down for a catastrophic 7. Locke fared only slightly better, hitting the green with his fourth and winding up with a 6. (Bobby, it should be remarked, produced an amazing performance for a man still not completely recovered from the recent auto accident in which his skull was fractured. Twenty pounds lighter, the sight in his left eye all but gone, and walking with the jittery eggshell step of an old man, he looked like a ghost. For all this, he showed that his genius for the game is little impaired. He was around twice in par 72 and on another round in a marvelous 58.)

Most of the interest on that last day centered on the duel for the individual scoring honors between Sneed and his exact contemporary from Belgium, 48-year-old Flori Van Donck. Van Donck is not the strongest finisher in the world, but this time he held on well and was posting his 79 at about the same time that Sam, putting shakily now and beginning to pull his drives, was running into his third straight bogey.

Sam finished two strokes behind Van Donck, whose victory was an extremely popular one. Over the last 15 years this fine swinger, the closest thing in Europe to Sneed in style and disciplined rhythm, had won 25 minor national opens on the continent, as well as threatening several times in the British Open, but never before had he captured a major event.

Van Donck's triumph brought home again one of the most pleasant

aspects of the Canada Cup: the giants have not monopolized the spoils. Over the eight competitions, the U.S. has won the team championship three times, Australia twice, and Argentina, Japan and Ireland once each. Stan Leonard of Canada has taken the individual trophy twice, Ben Hogan and Ed Furgal once each, but the other four years it has gone to relatively obscure golfers—Antonio Cerdas of Argentina, Pete Nakamura of Japan, Angel Miguel of Spain and now Van Donck.

But where the Canada Cup has been most fortunate has been in the interest and spirit of the spectators who have turned out to see the tourney wherever it has been held. The Irish galleries were perfectly wonderful. If they had a fault, it was that they were almost too well behaved. They were the shooshingest gallery I have encountered in years, insisting on complete silence 15 seconds before a man was ready to play his shot. Enormously proud of hosting the tournament, they had their best manners really glued on. I had been expecting (and hoping, to be honest about it) that they would be rending the air with colorful cries and epithets, but there was none of that.

Dear Friends

The marshaling was extraordinarily well handled, although Portmarnock is a difficult course for crowd control. Remarkably patient men, the marshals simply sweet-talked everybody into line. When the immense crowd on the final day was surging along the 18th fairway with Broad, sweeping up behind the restraining ropes like an onrushing wave, the marshal near where I was standing had no trouble whatever. "Down in front," he said. "Down in front. Down please. Down. Down. That's good. Very good. That's fine now. Ah, you're very good people."

It was entirely fitting that at the presentation ceremonies the 60 competing players, in a unique gesture, stood and warmly applauded the marshals and spectators manned below them. It was a most sincere tribute, for as Dr. Billy O'Sullivan, the president of the Irish Golf Union, had remarked in his speech only a moment earlier, "A professional golfer without a gallery is like a fisherman without a fish or a bookmaker without a customer."

END

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HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

Woe for Wofford

A dramatic spill ends Job's challenge and another three-day team is picked without him

THE GUERRILLA WARFARE between the U.S. Equestrian Team and Job Wofford (SI, June 27) has ended in an inconclusive armistice. At Pebble Beach, Calif. last week, an injury forced him to quit his long fight to make the Olympic squad. However, before—and even after—he was hurt, Wofford managed to give the Olympic committee a hard time.

The expected skirmishes began when the committee decided to have a hard look at the eight aspirants, including Wofford, in the important preliminary tests. One was a jumping class, and after its course was posted, Wofford demanded—in writing—a closer definition of what constituted "the trace of the course." Once before he had been disqualified on a technicality involving this point, and he wanted to avoid it this time. When his request was refused, Wofford withdrew from the test, deciding to stake all on the three-day competition itself. As far as the committee was concerned, Wofford lost all chance of making the team then and there.

The second day of the actual competition presented the stiffest challenges, including some 15 miles of roads and trails, a steeplechase and a cross-country course studded with 26 solid obstacles. Wofford had entered three horses. He went the route successfully with his green entry, Tren Palasant, then started with Pat's Sister, the mare he considers the best he has ever owned. Not the least tired by the steeplechase or the roads and trails, Pat's Sister began the cross-country phase at a strong gallop. By the sixth fence, a solid one, she was traveling too fast and took off too soon. Later, Wofford remembered thinking, "Only this horse could

get out of a situation like this!" But she didn't get out of it. She caught the fence and slammed to the ground, with Wofford pinned underneath.

In the hospital, X rays failed to show any broken bones, but Wofford's left arm was paralyzed by strain and twisting, his ribs were sore and his head was one massive ache. Nevertheless, he had one last hope, his third horse—Tingling. He checked himself out of the hospital, had himself hoisted onto Tingling and qualified in the third day's event, stadium jumping. Then he announced he would ride the steeplechase and cross-country again the next day.

Before a disgruntled group of judges and timers, who had hoped to leave Pebble Beach the previous evening, Wofford and Tingling galloped off. Wofford's left arm was useless, and Tingling is a horse that needs two hands. Incredibly, they finished the steeplechase safely, actually collecting nearly all the possible bonus points. But the cross-country was simply too much. Wofford pulled up his horse at the fifth fence and quit. "He was starting to get away from me," he admitted, "and I thought I'd better stop him while I could. I couldn't hold him with one hand."

Scarcely concealing their gloom, judges, timers and committee members piled into cars and disappeared. No one said a word to Wofford as he led Tingling on the long, lonely walk to the stables. When he arrived, he was the last man on the scene.

After Wofford's surrender, there was little doubt about who would be on the team. Michael Page, Pan American gold medal winner, was first; Michael Plum, bronze-medal winner in the same event, was second; David Lurie third and Walter Staley Jr. fourth. This is the group—a good one—which will represent us in Rome. Job Wofford lost his fight, but no one can say it was for lack of trying. **AND**

Rowland Hansford



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SPORTING LOOK / Fred R. Smith

Dressed for come what may

Bermuda racers discover the
joys of a new foul-weather suit

TO THE ocean-racing sailor—stoic though he may be—rain and spray-wet clothing, cold winds and chill night watches are grumble parts of the game. While foul-weather suits of rubber or of sealed nylon do a ye-mamlike job of keeping out the wet, unless they're piled over restricting layers of clothing they don't keep out the cold. And when the weather is hot, these same foul-weather suits become sweatboxes, since they're of nonporous waterproof material.

Some of the crews on this year's Bermuda race tested a new kind of foul-weather gear. The suits, which are in nautical shops for the first time this month, are made of a pale-blue Zelan-treated combed cotton duck, to the skin side of which has been laminated 1/4 inch of ScottFoam, a new polyester plastic-foam insulating material.

The bonded fabric was developed by Harry Tenison Deane of the McCampbell Co. and first used in hunting clothes. These proved such a success for duck shooting on icy Long Island that Deane had experimental foul-weather suits made of the same material. The first sailors who tested them during frostbite season on Long Island Sound were so enthusiastic that they are now being manufactured and marketed, under the name Triton, by the Triton Marine Products Company.

New York Yacht Club Commodore George Hinman and the crew of his 41-foot sloop *Sagwa* wore the Triton suits from Newport to Bermuda. Reports Crewmate Richard



SKIPPER HINMAN AT START IN NEWPORT

Makin: "The gear is just as comfortable when it is warm as when it is cold—because it breathes." And Norman Bates, who was watch captain aboard *Colbrook*, says, "They're comfortable enough to sleep in."

Vic Romagna, navigator on *Windrose*, found that the Triton garments also offer a cushioning protection against bruises when the going is rough. Only drawback: when the sea comes over the bow or the rain comes in sheets, water will go through the fabric, as it will through anything but old-fashioned oilskins. The Triton suits, however, make being wet less uncomfortable since they employ body heat in the same manner as a skin-diver's wet suit. For most sailing and for most sailors, the Triton suits (jackets \$25, pants \$20) could be the foul-weather find of the year.

END

"GAGGLA" GREENWICH TRY OUT NEW GEAR



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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

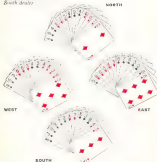
Q & A improves your play

A BRIDGE ENTHUSIAST is a curious sort of chap—and you may take that in either sense of the word. To illustrate, after two grueling sessions of mental exertion at any bridge tournament, it is not at all uncommon to find this curious chap seeking relaxation by participating in a general-information quiz game, an activity which may last into the wee hours of the morning.

This is even more of a businessman's holiday than most persons realize, since throughout these sessions of bridge he has been exercising his curiosity in a continuous self-quiz: "What is my partner trying to tell me?" or "Why didn't declarer lead trumps when he had a chance to?" or "Where can we find the tricks to set this contract?"

Even with an apparently hopeless hand, you can't let your curiosity flag; if you do, there is grave danger that you may overlook a chance to turn an apparently worthless card into a priceless asset. It would have been easy for East to go to sleep on this deal:

North-South vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	2♠	3NT	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: diamond king

Three no trump appears to be a superior contract, though unless declarer guesses the queen of spades even this contract could be broken with the ideal defense—a diamond opening and a heart return from West.

South elected to rebid his suit, and North, feeling too insecure in clubs to persist in no trump, raised the spades to game.

In spite of East's encouraging signal with the 8 of diamonds on the opening lead of the king, West shifted to the 2 of hearts. Dummy's jack was covered by East's queen and won by declarer's ace. South led a diamond, won by West's ace. East completed his echo when he followed with the diamond 6, but West continued with the 6 of hearts, won by dummy's king.

Declarer led dummy's queen of diamonds. Of course he knew that East could ruff, but he hoped that this would resolve the trump situation. If he could avoid a trump loser, he'd give up only two diamonds and one club trick, and his game contract would be assured.

It looked like the psychological time for East to make use of his otherwise worthless trump. Had he done so, South would overruff, cash the king of spades and, when East showed out, West's queen would be as completely revealed as an oedysian after a dozen encans.

But East asked himself some questions: "Why didn't partner give me a diamond ruff?" The obvious answer was that South held only two diamonds and would overruff. "Can declarer have a losing heart?" The answer must be "No," for West's lead of a low one followed by a higher one indicated he held at least three.

Next came the payoff question. "Knowing that I have only two diamonds, why didn't South draw trumps before playing the good diamond queens?" Evidently, South didn't need a discard and was asking for information about the trump suit. Having answered his own questions, East held on to that "worthless" trump. He discarded a club and so did South.

Of course East's refusal to ruff seemed to declarer like an effort to protect a trump holding. So he cashed dummy's spade ace. But when he led the next spade, East proved to be out of spades and declarer out of luck. East had indeed protected a trump holding—his partner's. West's queen of spades and ace of clubs set the contract.

EXTRA TRICK

Even when you hold a seemingly hopeless hand, playing the question-and-answer game may help you to turn one of your apparently worthless cards into the straw that breaks the enemy's back.

999



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THE ENCHANTED SUBURBS OF TAHITI

Westward from Papeete, beyond the usual tourist routes, lie the islands below the Wind, unsurpassed in perfect beauty

by CARLETON MITCHELL

A SILVER VESSEL in the white light of a full Pacific moon, *Stephens* neared the opening in the barrier reef off Paopao Bay as the last shimmer of rose and gold faded from the clouds over the island of Tahiti. 15 minutes astern, Moorea seemed to float just beyond the smooth lagoon, palm trees spilling down the mountainsides to fringe gleaming beaches, valleys receding mysteriously into shadow.

Finally the swell lifted to break on the coral reef to port, white water marking the area of danger, a clear line guiding us on our way. We navigated as sailors had for generations, before buoys, before lights, when the look of the sea was its own chart. Above the masthead hung the Southern Cross, and strong in the warm air was the scent of flowers piled on deck from our Papeete farewell, *heia* of tiare Tahiti and frangipani and hibiscus mixed carelessly with coils of line and fenders and the rest of the assorted gear of a small ship off on an ocean voyage.

There is something about islands. Long ago a kindly power fashioned them in anticipation of the day when the continents would become suburbs and the cities unbearable caldrons of noise and hurry. Islands almost anywhere mean escape. And part of their fascination lies in the fact that no two—much less any two groups—are ever really just alike.

The pine-clad skerries of the Baltic, as majestically somber as the music of Sibyllas, the classic simplicity of the Isles of the Aegean, the mountainous splendor of the Caribbean chain—all are different, and each has its own allure.

But even the connoisseur will concede a very special position in the hierarchy to the Society Islands, those reef-girt jewels in the Pacific whose crowning orb is Tahiti, the ultimate island. Always I had thought of Tahiti and the islands of Polynésie Française as a someday cruise, but it had seemed impossibly remote from the orbit of my life. Now the thing had happened: a casual letter from an unknown yachtsman in the distant Pacific asking for information on *Finisiera's* mechanical refrigeration system had led to a developing correspondence; an invitation to crew in the Transpacific Race aboard *Nom Saz* had brought me within reaching distance in Hawaii, and finally a cablegram from Honolulu had brought a prompt reply: SAILING FOR SUVA, FIJI MID-AUGUST. COME ABOARD STAGHOUND TO BORA-BORA. And so, unbelievably, here we were, outward bound from Papeete for a cruise of the outlying islands.

Stephens was not the only sailing vessel from far away which now lay in Tahiti—there were also, among others, Sterling Hayden's *Wanderer* and the little white ketch *Moso-*

Wana, owned by the Stanley Toogoods of Naausa, friends with whom we played and swam through languorous, relaxing days before our departure. But for *Stephens* and her owner, Paul Hurst, it was no ordinary cruise of *Les Iles sous le Vent*—The Islands below the Wind, to leeward of Tahiti—that we departed on. *Stephens* had come to Tahiti on a westward voyage around the world, and had swung in the multicolored waters off the valley of Taapua for almost two years, one of those wandering yachts which make Tahiti a port of missing ships, for no one ever wants to leave and sailors drown in a lagoon of pure content. "You find you were never truly happy any place else before," said Paul, "and then you question whether you can be happy anywhere else after you go." He spoke from experience: a yachtsman from Santa Barbara, he first saw the island in the Honolulu-to-Tahiti race of 1956, promptly went home and bought *Stephens* to come out again. Now came the "alter," the continuation of the global cruise; but when our sailing date was set for Tuesday, scoffers laughed: "Which Tuesday?"

But more than a hundred friends had gathered on the quay, and hands were clasped and cheeks kissed as the *heia* of farewell were placed over the heads of the departing. We were five aboard: Paul, Plazi Miller (who had come out here with him from America), two native Tahitians, Teri and

continued

LIFTING SIGHTLY to blue Pacific swell, *Stephens* heads to west as Owner Paul Hurst lounges contentedly in bright peris.





DELIGHTS OF CRUISE included visit to the lovely, mountain-
 rimmed harbor of Paopao, where ketch docked and, her rigging
 festooned with fresh bananas, tied up to dock of Hotel Avaro

on north side of the island of Moorea. Below: Mrs. Stanley
 Toogood of Nassau and Germaine Richmond of Tahiti savor
 a leisurely swim in the shimmering waters of Paopao Cove.



Sam, and I. Lines snaked aboard. There was not a breath of wind. As we powered away, music sounded faintly from Restaurant Vahine. Slowly Teri lifted the flowered circle from her shoulders one by one and dropped them in our wake—and in the wake of her tears. Like perfumed stepping stones they lay on the water, symbolically linking us with Tahiti forever, for Polynesians believe that if you cast your *hira aotera* as you leave you must return.

For a long time we sat watching the receding pinnacles of boats moored stern-to along the waterfront, and the red-roofed buildings peeping through the trees, and the mountains lifting to the cloud cover, their colors changing as the sun lowered. The spell was broken when Teri dried her eyes and went forward to sit on the bowsprit pulpit, obeying the advice of Paul: "Don't look back." Soon, in the lighthearted manner of all *vahine*s, as the islanders call their women, she was laughing with Sam.

We crept along until a gap appeared in the breakers, a dark lane where the swell undulated smoothly into a darker cleft in the loam of Moorea. Turning, we followed the channel, awed to silence by the beauty of the night and the majesty of the land. Mountains towered on both sides and ahead, so steep and so high as to eclipse the moon. Under us the water lay luminous and mercurial, reflecting the silver sky except where canoes fishing by torchlight cast long golden spears. Thus I imagined it must have been when Captain Cook crossed *Eschschroer* into Papeete Bay, thenceforth to add his own name to the charts.

Quietly we furled the sails and dropped anchor. After dinner Sam perched in the port upper berth and began to play his guitar, softly singing ancient songs in the ancient tongue. The huge "dam John" of Algerian red wine was brought to the cockpit and the cabin table was moved into the forepeak. We clapped hands in time to the music, and suddenly Teri was dancing the strongly emphasized hula of Tahiti, eyes flashing, dark unbound hair flowing, the traditional frangipani blossom behind one ear.

When I went on deck next morning

I discovered the real drama of our anchorage. Around *Stigebound* on three sides the mountains rose almost vertically, verdant to the summit. On the open side of the giant bowl I could see palm-shadowed beaches, and inside the barrier reef lagoon water of every shade of green and blue. Smoke lifted lazily from thatch houses almost hidden by flowering trees. Clouds had not yet begun the daily ritual of shrouding the higher peaks and touching the slopes with gauzy haze: there was a sharply etched brilliance of color I had never experienced before, a breathtaking clarity.

Paul came up the companionway as I stood on deck. "Beautiful," he said, "but wait. After breakfast we'll go round to the next bay and you'll really see something. I'll put *Stigebound* alongside a beach where you can pick coconuts from the rigging."

A FEELING OF MAJESTY

Still I was not prepared for Papeete Bay. Many times in my travels I have been shown by local guides the most beautiful place in the world. Perhaps this is really it. There was a feeling of majesty akin to that of a Norwegian fjord, but here the towering mountains had been touched by the magic wand of the tropics. All was rich, warm and alive, rather than cold and austere: small clouds reflected in the blue water, palms waving in the soft breeze, color lying on the mountainsides like splashes of dye.

We spent days between the two bays of Moorea, sailing, swimming, lazing. It did not seem necessary to go far or fast, for nothing distant seemed important. Yet for a sailor, once embarked, there is always the lure of the horizon, and finally we slipped through the opening in the reef at sunset, bound for the harbor of Fare on the island of Huahine, 82 miles to the west.

Clear of the land, a long sea was running before the *marouma*, the fresh southwest wind which occasionally displaces the normal trades. Breaking crests burst under the counter to shoulder *Stigebound* on her way. Happily she rolled along, and I felt happy and at home. This was the way one should visit the South Pacific, I told myself, aboard a snug little vessel with shipmates who knew and loved the islands. In the fading light I looked around the deck. Branches of

bananas swung in the main rigging, coconuts were hoisted on deck forward of the skylight, a basket of mangoes and pomegranates rode aloft in the cockpit, and red wine sloshed in the "dam John" at my side. Not yachty, but right, as a vessel should cruise, and I felt even more the kinship between *Stigebound* and *Finisferre*, both sturdy go-anywhere ships of 38 feet over-all, both with a turn of speed. Designed by John Alden, *Stigebound* had twice won the Trans-Pacific Race before coming to Paul Hurst. Under short canvas we clipped off the miles. Moorea was in sight astern at dark, but when the moon arose at the end of my wheel trick, the sea was empty.

At 4 o'clock, when I came back on deck for the dawn watch, Huahine was plain on the starboard bow for a perfect landfall. Yet in the moonlight it was unreal. As each passing sea lifted above the horizon, the jagged outline of the mountains merged into the tumbling crests, to disappear until the next trough and then come up again, the peaks looking like a wave suddenly turned to stone. Watching, I was hardly aware of a change in the quality of the light. At dawn the first moments of sun were not brighter than the moonlight, only different in texture. Then suddenly the clouds over Huahine glowed, and it was day, brilliant day. Nothing can quite compare to dawn at sea in low latitudes, with an unfamiliar island lifting over the bow.

The barrier reef of Huahine extended far beyond the shore, with a dogleg turn. At 6:45 we jibed and stood in close to the breakers, and had to jibe again. Rounding the corner into the lee, the water smoothed, and we saw clearly defined the opening of the pass leading to Fare Harbor.

I wish I could say something pleasant about the village of Fare, beyond the fact that giant mangoes can be purchased at the open marketplace, but it is indeed a fatuous lover who can find no fault. Seeking escape from staring children on the dock, I retreated to a room in the Hawaii Hotel, upstairs over the restaurant-taft-bar and general store of Ah-Kim. The walls were of pale blue fiberboard, and the single light bulb overhead formed one corner of a suspension system for the mosquito net. From hooks by the door depended

continued

bent and rusted hangers. A single yellowing sheet covered the mattress of the bed, which took up most of the floor, leaving space only for a single chair and low round table. Through the uncurtained window came sounds of hammering; of voices speaking Chinese, Tahitian and French; of babies crying, film buzzing and roasters crowing without cease.

Seeking escape again, I hired an ancient Ford with Piai and Sam for the trip to Maeva, a fishing village on a tidal lake, where houses are built on stilts over the water. Outside of Fare, Polynesia was again Polynesia. At Maeva we found not only a labyrinth of stone fishweirs dating from ancient times, but the ruins of a marae, a pagan shrine. In the afternoon we explored the other end of the island by outboard, and found it

lovely. Wide, white beaches sheltered by towering palms opened into deep bays, and finally into Port Bourayne, which was connected by a shallow passage with Maroë Bay on the other side. Huahine is shown as two islands on the chart, Huahine Nui and Iai, Huahine Great and Small, although they look like one from the deck of a passing vessel.

Not so our next pair of islands, Raiatea and Tahaa. As we left Fare Harbor, they stood bold and separate on the horizon ahead, although they are embraced by a single giant barrier reef in the shape of an hourglass. Small, screaming wavelets raced us to the pass. The surfman still blew. Staghsawed was ready for rough going. South Sea fashion, the bananas in her rigging securely lashed to the ratlines, the drinking coconuts at the foot of the mainmast well chucked down, a curved tiki

(tiki) in the cabin below for luck.

But there was less wind and sea outside than we expected. The blasts funneling through the valleys had been stronger than the true offshore breeze. Staghsaw rolled along, with flying fish skittering round under the bow. Sea birds curled and dived over schools of bonito. We watched lazily, bestirring ourselves only enough to put out a fishline, while the purple haze of distance melted from the volcanic cones of Raiatea and transmitted the emerald-green slopes of Huahine intern.

As we approached Raiatea the symmetrical cone of a long-dead volcano lined up with a pair of palm-crowned islets to form a guide to the pass. Entering, Staghsaw was immediately in smooth water. Everywhere the Polynesian barrier reef, invisible above the surface, was a curiously effective buffer against the ocean seas outside,



BREXIDR WEAVES STUBBS HOTEL REE

UNDER THE FRACTURED

For Gauguinians dreamers the misty dream of Tahiti, fragrant with frangipani and free of the bonds of civilization, is all but over. Last week the alarm clock was ringing and the morning of reality was at hand. The jets were coming. In less than a year's time they will be flying nonstop in seven and a half hours from Los Angeles. Tahiti then will be available to anyone with the price (\$722 round trip, tourist class).

The anticipated arrival of the jets, which will fly the flag of Transports Aériens Intercontinentaux, a private French line, gives the hotels that are rising to house the coming passengers, already have begun to curdle the deep, low-cost language in which Tahiti has always lived. A tract of ocean-front property 300 feet long and about 350 feet deep recently changed hands for \$80,000, and after the deal had been made the original owner had shaming qualms that he had sold too low. Unless one is French or a native Polynesian it is almost impossible to buy a personal retreat. On the other hand, it is possible to rent a house or lease land and build on it. Native houses, the cheapest and the most popular kind, built of pandanus, coconut, bamboo and stone—all at hand—cost about \$5 a square foot, compared with \$14 to \$22 a square foot in California. The city power plant dis-

patches electricity to anyone within nine miles of Papeete, and water is free. Tahitians love water and use it liberally. Says Fred Cole, the California bathing suit manufacturer, who is building in Tahiti, "They always let the faucet run because they like the sound."

Stuffing a house is still incredibly cheap by Stateside standards. The housemaid hired by Godfrey de Mollat, a young Frenchman sent from Paris to oversee the new tourist industry, charges him \$25 a month and does all his laundry. Jacques Britten (pronounced nut-loe), the 56-year-old local manager of TAI, and his wife Françoise pay their maid about the same and recently received from her a magnificent Tuamotuan pearl as a gift. Houses are available for rent at anywhere from \$250 to \$200 a month, and native food is cheap. Papayas, mangoes, bananas, guavas and thick-skinned native grapefruit are plentiful. Although the French don't make much use of it, milk dispensed by a newly built dairy is plentiful and safe. Beef and lamb are brought up from the grassy plains of New Zealand and Australia, and the fish market downtown in Papeete offers a dazzling daily display of bonito, parrot fish and fresh-water shrimp. The driver of the truck, the Tahitian bus-of-all-service that rounds the island, will accept shop-

reducing heavy swells to ripples.

Not only is Raiatea the second largest island in the group after Tahiti, but the town of Uturoa is the second metropolis. Although it is no Papeete, I found it had unexpected amenities, including a room with private bath at the Hotel Hinano. Again I moved ashore. Hinano is a useful word. It is the name of the national brew, a strong beer made in Papeete, which uses a native gill in pore as a trademark, and also of many yachins who might have peed for the ad. Loudly calling for Hinano in any bar is certain to produce results one way or another, possibly both.

THE JOINT WAS JUMPING

It was Saturday, and Saturday night is Saturday night the world over. After dinner in the hotel restaurant the crew of *Stephens* joined the crew of a New Zealand yacht at the

Vaivahi Bar. In South Sea (or any) lingo, the joint was jumping.

In Tahiti people have fun. As sailors have found through the years, there are few taboos and no inhibitions. This expresses itself in a unique form of dancing. In Hawaii visitors are told to watch the hands. Here there was no nonsense. Hinano flowed. The drums increased tempo. The joint got jumpier. And when it finally closed we jumped our way back to *Stephens*, to move the cabin table and go on dancing to Sam's guitar.

A few miles from Uturoa is the famous shrine of Taputapuatea, once the center of learning and worship for all Polynesia, a vast triangle extending from Hawaii to Samoa to Easter Island. More than 600 years ago the Aetoe canoe set off from Raiatea for New Zealand, and the Maori people still consider the island an ancient seat of knowledge. Archeologists have

proved that sacred stones from Taputapuatea were taken to lesser marae thousands of miles away.

In the morning we visited Taputapuatea by outboard. Landing in a nearby village we walked past groves of coconuts and copra drying sheds to a point of land extending into the lagoon. A soft wind blew through the trees, and the roar of the surf was loud. The decoration of human skulls described by the Reverend William Ellis, the great Polynesian scholar who visited Taputapuatea in 1815, had long since been carried away by marauding whalers, but the ruins of extensive coral and stone platforms were still there. Also remaining was the tall pillar on which the ancient kings were presented to their subjects. Local legend has it that the same stone was used to measure the height of warriors; any man who could not top it was likely to become a victim of the nearby ceremonial oven. If the legend is true, former inhabitants of Raiatea must have been supermen, as the stone was nearly nine feet high.

On our return to Uturoa for lunch, *Stephens* acquired a passenger, Repeta, who was going home to Tiva, on Tahaa, our next stop. Repeta was 16, a typical yachin. Her skin was soft brown, perhaps a shade darker than a brunette American girl might achieve from a summer on the beach, and her dark hair hung in a thick braid to her waist. Her eyes were large and expressive, and her smile as innocent and shy as a child's. She loved flowers. She was completely unaffected in manner and dress, and without visible complications; in the soft climate and relaxed customs of the islands complications as we know them simply do not exist.

Leaving Uturoa, Plazi Miller went aloft to con *Stephens* through scattered coral clumps, but between the islands the water was deep and free from dangers. As on the Bahama Banks, the color of the water was dependent on the depth, so *Stephens* reached across a quilt of blue and green, with purple patches of deep coral to either side.

Terli and Repeta chattered in the shade of the mainsail while the island of Tahaa lifted higher. Sealed up by deep bays, Tahaa is a cruising man's dream of snug harbors, all with romantic names: Tapuamu, Ape, Teonera-Haia, Hamere. Coconut trees

FRANGIPANI

pling lists from out-land beachholders and bring home the groceries on the return trip. For those who would like to come to town for dinner, Chen Chagnotea, a tiny tiled niche on a back street of Papeete, will dish up a platter of enoys or a blood-red gyo waffling bouquet of garlic.

Ayis and Herts already have come to town with little Bessie that cost for \$7 a day, mileage unlimited. Though it requires advance preparation to charter a yacht from the fleet that rides the moorings on the Quai Mir Hakein, adventures types with plenty of maritime equilibrium can ride one of the trading schooners that sail between the islands.

While the French government wands off dreamy American homebounders with one hand, it is eagerly beseeching entrepreneurs of all nationalities who want to develop Tahitian tourism. Spencer Weaver, an American who has run up a string of 14 restaurants in Honolulu, is building one of the largest hotels in the South Pacific on the lagoon just outside Papeete.

In the lush lands behind Papeete, a half-French, half-Tahitian named Hiro Levy has opened four units of a 18-bungalow colony called Tiki Taha. For restaurant is being set on a mountain plateau, and it is to have a pool and

a snack bar. About six miles from town Lotea Village, the first of Polynesia's motels, has 13 units around a pool, will charge about \$12 a day, but most of the accommodations are at present taken by TAI crews. American interests are behind the Lotea Villa, a hotel on the beach about six and a half miles from town and not far from the villa where Gaspard painted. And halfway around the island at Tavea an indefatigable settler Jean France named Jeanne Winkolstroter has opened a charming inn called Paratea, which means golden pandanus. She serves lunches that are a delightful amalgam of the best of France and the best of Polynesia. Ten miles farther on, at the very end of the road that runs down into a small badge of land called Tahiti-Iu, Mrs. Winkolstroter has another small inn called Chen Pepe. From this outpost she sends exploring types on outrigger canoe trips in the care of a pair of Tahitian fishermen. They spear fish to be baked ashore later, along with breadfruit picked from a wild tree. Mrs. Winkolstroter, or, as the Tahitians call her, Mrs. Hobby, also has a Papeete travel agency and, across the water in Moorea, the Hotel Almo.

If it is true that these are the last days of Tahiti for the romantic, then they are also the first days of Tahiti for everybody. And even though the Martini is one day served Rakira-cold and desert-dry on the terrace of the Hotel Tahiti, in the island dells wild oranges and wild roses will always grow.

—HOBACK SUTTON

continued



REPETA ENTERTAINS ON HER GUITAR

TAHITI continued

grow not only along the shore, but to the tops of the lower hills. And, coming around the southern point, there is a vision of distant levelness, the steep cone of Bora-Bora, symmetrical and almost perfect on the far horizon.

Tahaa is an island rarely visited by yachts. A crowd gathered as *Steg-Asowé* made fast to the small quay. The people seemed curious but quiet, and soon drifted away. "They'll be back," predicted Paul. We swam and drank sundown rum punches in the cockpit as Teri cooked dinner. The village appeared deserted. But as we sat at the table in the cabin the tentative chords of a ukulele began to sound from the shore. Sam took his guitar and went on deck.

Gathered on the quay was a solid mass of people, "like a dark wall," as Paul commented. Sam sat on top of the trunk cabin amidships and began to play. Soon the man with the ukulele was alongside. Another man ventured aboard and began to sing. He left to return with a guitar, and a wonderful night began. Tahitian music is less plaintive than Hawaiian; there are few sad songs, laments for lost loves and the sorrows of parting. It is gay, and always there is the beat, the vibrant pulse of life. Almost everyone could sing. From the shore voices joined in, or began a new song when the musicians paused.

The crowd on the quay moved in time, an unconscious mass response to music. Ashore couples began to dance. Slowly big-eyed children stole into the cockpit, peering below but vanishing like moths if invited further. Vahine giggled from the shadows and gradually came aboard. Men followed, until our decks were crowded and *Steg-Asowé* took a heavy list. A waning moon peeped over the horizon. Cigarettes glowed. All was laughter and good humor; how long would we stay, where were we going, whose girl was Repeta? The three musicians played steadily, voices soft and caressing. Below, the pal of bare feet on deck in time was like the sound of muffled drums.

A NIGHT FOR REPETA

It was a moment of glory for Repeta. As we docked in her home village she had displayed a fine proprietary air. Now she sat next to Sam. When he rested she took over the guitar, and played it well. She sang every song. For hours the music continued, while the moon lifted above the spreaders and began to drop on the other side of the sky, until at last the crowd slowly drifted away. Finally there was only the sound of surf on the reef, and the village slept under the palms.

Next morning I was awakened at sunrise by the tentative plunking of a ukulele on the dock. But this time no one stirred in welcome, and the player went away. Later I lighted the stove to make early tea, had a swim while the water was heating, and went

ashore. People smiled as I passed and called "Ja ora so," the Tahitian greeting used in the sense of both hello and welcome which means "May you live." The village was awakening, and the simple chores of a simple life were under way.

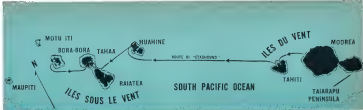
When the time came to sail after breakfast, we still had a passenger. Repeta was quite ready to continue the trip—have poses, will travel. It took some time for Paul to explain in French that from Bora-Bora *Steg-Asowé* was making a long voyage and there wasn't space for a vahine, however charming. Reluctantly she went ashore, possessions in a small basket. She stayed on the quay to cast off our lines, gave us a final quiet, shy smile and disappeared as a kitten might wander away.

All along Bora-Bora had had a special allure. From the first I had heard of the drama of Bora-Bora, the girls of Bora-Bora, the beauty of the twin peaks and the islands of the lagoon. It being my birthday, the weather gods decided to give me a perfect final sail. The *mesorima* had lost most of its punch and the sky had cleared except for a few puffy cumulus clouds to lend emphasis to the blue. The seas were lay instead of cresting, yet overhead the sails filled snug and taut without slatting.

The closer we sailed to Bora-Bora, the more perfect it looked, a Bali Ha's come true. Fishermen walked the reef as we entered the pass, darting long spears into inshore pools. Others dragged nets. Outrigger canoes drifted across the lagoon. And to starboard

IN BORA-BORA LAGOON, AUTHOR MITCHELL HELL AND TERI SAIL IN AN OUTRIGGER CANOE





DREAM CRUISE of *Starboard* took her crew in and out of sheltered anchorages of Iles du Vent, or Windward Islands, then

westward across the open ocean to Iles sous le Vent, or Leeward Islands, one of the loveliest unspoiled areas of the world.

lay Motu Tapu, The Forbidden Isle, where, according to legend, young girls were sent to stay out of the sun and thereby become paler and more alluring. Crowded by palms, ringed by white sand and water of many colors, Motu Tapu, years ago the locale of the famous motion picture *Tobu*, epitomizes the South Seas.

Inside the lagoon Paul swung *Starboard* to starboard and followed a line of deep-blue water. Skirting a sunken coral ledge, we came to anchor in eight fathoms. I had asked for poisoners *ere*, and it was up to us to get the poisons. Ner was it difficult, thanks to Sam. With his homemade wooden speargun, he was uncanny at stalking and long-range shooting. Contrary to expectation, reef fish in Tahiti run scarce, small and wary. Sam's technique was to dive well away from prey he had spotted, then move flat along the bottom, seeking coral clumps for cover. At times he would hide behind a branching coral tree until a fish swam within range; watching him from the surface, my lungs ached in sympathy. Rarely did he release the spear without making a hit.

Leaving the affairs of the pot in the hands of a master, I swam farther along the reef, occasionally diving down for a better look. There were tiny fish by the thousands, flecks of blue, of purple, of yellow, of red, of green, of stripes and spots and iridescence, for nothing else in nature rivals the pigmentation of the smaller inhabitants of a tropic reef. Some hung together in dense clouds and others peered in lonely suspicion from minute caverns, while my favorites—inch-long, pale-blue characters—appeared and disappeared from a thicket of coral

like a covey of quail in pine woods.

Swimming back to *Starboard*, I was reminded that less innocent creatures share the same waters. Far below, shadowy in the depths, a huge horsed ray flapped along the bottom. The tempo of my strokes unconsciously quickened.

Poisson *ere* (p'f'a'ala in Tahitian, plain raw fish in English) had become my favorite Polynesian dish. Nothing is more delicious. Ner is it raw, except in the sense it is not cooked by heat. Now at last I was to see it made.

A RECIPE FOR "POISSON CREU"

Almost any sort of fish may be used, although bonito is considered best by Tahitians. After cleaning, scaling and dicing into small cubes, it was put in a bowl, and the juice of perhaps a dozen limes squeezed over—enough to thoroughly dampen the flesh. Teri anointed a layer, salted it generously and turned it with a fork, making sure none was missed. Onions were sliced in and given a thorough tossing to mix. The bowl was covered to marinate. Thirty minutes is sufficient to cook to the taste of a true convert; after an hour the meat is done enough for almost anyone. It has the taste and texture of cooked fish, and the flavor is not strong. Excess juice is drained off and salad ingredients added—sliced tomatoes, more chopped onions, diced carrot, halved hard-boiled eggs, lettuce—none or all, as fancy dictates. Ideally, milk from pressed coconut meat should be poured over just before serving, but this is not essential.

Paul had arranged for an evening birthday party at the Hotel Tiare Tahiti on the waterfront of the village of Vaitape. Candles had been added to the oil lamps, and our table

was strewn with flowers. As usual in Polynesia, the dining room was a palm thatch-roof supported by palm trunks, open on all sides. A warm, perfumed breeze blew through, and we could see the lights of fishing canoes across the lagoon.

Soon the drums warmed up. As we dined—on more poisson *ere*—I was aware of movement in the outside darkness. There was no moon, but I thought I saw people crossing stray shafts of lantern light. Still, I wondered if there would be enough for a dance. Indeed! At the first sound of music couples flowed to the floor, until even the orchestra was inundated.

Bora-Bora belles have a no-wall-flowers system at dances. They cluster in deep shadows beyond the ring of light from the room. They will dance when asked, but selection of a partner becomes a chancey affair. The crew of one yacht was reported to have solved the problem by the use of a Polaroid camera and flash gun: when developed, the print was inspected, and each man made his choice ("I'll take the second from the left. . . . I'll take the one by the tree. . ."). The system worked fine until the wahines, with a fine Tahitian sense of humor, shifted positions in the darkness as soon as a picture was made.

Vaitape, seen by daylight the next morning, proved to be a village of a single street winding along the foot of the twin peaks of Taïmanu and Pahiā. The beach is its front yard and the lagoon its swimming pool. On a point near the church stands a coral monument and bronze plaque in honor of Alain Gerbault, a French sportsman who circumnavigated the globe on a small yacht, receiving the

continued

CHRONIC ATHLETE'S FOOT?

**Try the New Remedy Selected for Use
by the United States Olympic Team!**

The most common foot ailment among men and women today is that type of ringworm known colloquially as "athlete's foot." It is as annoying as it is common—and so persistent that many find it difficult to get rid of or control.

Now, after years of research, science has developed a new way to treat this infection. It has proven so successful it was written up in the *Archives of Dermatology* (Vol. No. 77). Recently it was selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team. The secret of this remarkable new treatment is a unique, painless type of iodine—world's greatest antiseptic—that kills all kinds of germs and fungi, but doesn't burn or sting tissue—is actually so safe it can be used on even the most tender skin.

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and shoes. Both liquid and powder are found only in new Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment kit.

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TAHITI continued

Blue Water Medal of the Cruising Club of America. Later he returned to Bora-Bora, his ideal of earthly perfection, where he ended his days, to be buried in the lagoon.

From Bora-Bora Stephano was voyaging without pause 660 miles to Rarotonga, while I returned to Papeete. We celebrated our final day with a sail aboard an outrigger canoe. Even in Polynesia the outboard has taken over, but we were fortunate in chartering a canoe of a type little changed since the days of Captain Cook.

Bringing along a few cans of bully beef and a jar of water, we sailed across the lagoons, seven people aboard a craft only 18 feet over-all and no more than 18 inches wide. Countering the outrigger on the opposite side was an extension to take the stays of a unique double-masted rig—a short, thick spar stepped through a thwart, with a second, lighter mast in the nature of a very tall gaff, giving a sail of high aspect ratio and astonishing drive. As each hard willow ruffed down the twin peaks, the canoe jettied ahead, while Sam scrambled along the outrigger to add his weight for stability.

It was a swift and exciting sailing, almost as though we were taking wing. The day was perfect, one of those tropical delights when everything sparkles: light danced on the fronds of the palms, in the shallows over which we sailed, on the crests of little wavelets, on the towering breakers thundering on the reef. Beyond the line of breakers which marked the barrier reef we could see Raiatea and Tahaa, indistinct on the horizon, hard to separate from their cloud covers. Looking down through the water, we could see the purple of sea fans, the green and gold of coral, the darting shadows of fish.

Swiftly we closed Point Matira, a long shelf of sand crowned by palms. We ran the canoe where and swam while the Polynesian skipper climbed a nearby tree. Coming out of the water we were welcomed to the shade of a sea grape with green coconuts, their tops ahead off, nature's goblet. "This is it," I said to Paul Hurst, and he laughed and replied, "Yes, this is Tahiti. Or Paradise."

As never before in my life, reality and legend had become one. **END**



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19TH HOLE THE READERS

NEW DATE WITH DESTINY?

Sir:

Harrah for Herbert Warren Wind's report on the National Open (*Destiny's New Favorite*, June 27). However, I should have listed one name word for Jack Nicklaus. This young National Amateur champion all but had the Open in his pocket—a trick no amateur has pulled off in 27 years. He may yet prove destiny's next favorite!

Mrs. JOEY HINES

Los Angeles

A SHOT IN THE ARM

Sir:

Perhaps your article on Olympic canoeing (*The Men Who Kicked Canoeing*, June 28) will give a shot in the arm to a sport that has had fewer participants each year since the middle '30s.

C. J. McDOWELL

Member, 1948 Canadian Olympic team

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir:

If Ray Dodge thinks he has problems way out west in Michigan, he should be with us another 8,000 miles farther west. We in Hawaii started our canoeing program in the fall of 1958, but we hope to be heard from in Olympic canoeing is the not too distant future.

JOHN W. BUSTARD

Honolulu

Sir:

I would like to try building my own K-1. Would you kindly let me know where I can obtain information on design, materials, etc.?

BROTHER AUGUSTINE LANDRY, FMS
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

● Olympic kayaks, K-1 or K-2 B.K.V. (made by Blåuddens Knektvagn, Vasterik, Sweden), may be obtained, in kit or finished form, from Peter F. Theis, International Idea, 574 Hawthorne Place, Chicago 13. Danish-made kayaks and Canadian canoes in the K-1, K-2, K-4 or C-1 and C-2 sizes can be ordered (as finished boats only) from Raymond Dodge, Competition Canoes, 1625 Broadway, Niles, Mich.—ED.

FOUR SHOTS IN THE ARM

Sir:

Considering the sudden—if temporary—renomination of the Boston Red Sox under their new manager, Mike Higgins (*SCORECARD*, June 27), this suggestion:

Since the appointment of a new manager seems to act as an automatic hypo to authentic baseball squads and since the average big league manager makes

\$40,000 a year, why not let each team have a platoon of, say, four managers—each getting \$10,000 a year? A ball club could thus revive itself four times per season and go on a good winning streak each time.

ROBERT L. JONES

North Indian Rocks Beach, Fla.

FLEDGLING SWIMMERS

Sir:

I read your item on 17-month-old Cynthia Odern who dives and swims underwater (*FACES IN THE CROWN*, July 4). You say she learned to swim in her bathtub. Where did she learn to dive . . . off the hot water faucet?

LUCIA HART

New York City

● Not according to her mother, who says "Cynthia did 'fall-in' dives at 9½ months off a conventional springboard."—ED.

Sir:

Congratulations on your fine retrospective by Matt Mann (*York Your Child to Swim*, June 27). Matt is my father-in-law and I thought your readers might be interested in what he was doing as a boy. This picture shows him, age 11, as English amateur boys champion. The preferred stroke then was the single overarm or overarm sidestroke, and Matt took on all comers.

He trained in the open dikes (sluiceways) running out of the woolen mills in his native Leeds, England. "One day



ENGLISH AMATEUR BOYS CHAMP, 1956

TAKE OVER

I'd come home blue and another day I'd come home brown," he says, "depending on whether they were dyeing blue serge or brown serge."

BUCK DAWSON

Ann Arbor, Mich.

• For Part II of Matt Mann's Teach Your Child to Swim series, see page 41.—ED.

SEE FOR THE GOPHERS

Sir:

Is now your staff hasn't got the word yet, the World Series of college baseball was played at Omaha. We realize it doesn't mean much, it just includes all the major colleges in the U.S.

CAL BACKUS

New Ulm, Minn.

Sir:

When a national NCAA title is won, I for one believe it should rate some kind of notice in your magazine.

Such a title was won on June 29 when the University of Minnesota Gophers beat Southern California in 10 innings in baseball's collegiate World Series. I think this deserves some ink, don't you?

FRED PETERSON

St. Paul

• Here it is in black and white: Oklahoma State sophomore Jim Wilson, who had pitched only one winning game (a one-hitter) this season, pitched a no-hitter (the second in the college World Series' 16-year history) as the defending champs eliminated North Carolina (7-0) in the second round of this rain-besieged double elimination series. Minnesota, meanwhile, swept through the first four rounds to build up a 4-0 lead before losing (4-3) to USC in the fifth, but came back in the final game to beat the runner-up Trojans (3-1) for the 1960 title.—ED.

TANKOPHOBES VS. TANKOPHILES

Sir:

Welcome to the ranks of the "Tankophiles," that fanatic group with the eagle stomachs, (i.e., able to abide GI [or is it more?] "trades" with the junior varsity at Kansas City [SCORECARD, June 26].

Please be advised that we Tankophiles are not anywhere as "sie-sie-sie-riek" as you Tankophiles were when the "Bombers" limped out of Baltimore with their collective tails between their legs! Casey Stengel must remember Boston, Washington and, last but not least, the Athletics in his prayers every night.

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JOHN AND JUDY ROSCH

'If we ever get bored . . .'

Not content with the usual intricacies of water skiing, John and Judy Rosch of Winter Haven, Fla. have added a refinement: they skim over the waves without skis (see above). Moreover, they make it sound as simple as they make it look. All you do, the Roschs say, is start with one foot on a freeboard. When the boat gets up to 35 mph, put your weight on your other foot and let the board spin away. Then brace yourself for a breathless, barefoot ride.

John Rosch taught himself the routine several years ago, taught

Judy after their marriage last year. Since then, the young couple has been water skiing professionally at Cypress Gardens, Fla. Neither of the Roschs can imagine tiring of the sport. "If we ever get bored," Judy says, "Johnny can try carrying me on his shoulder."

Next month Judy will compete in slalom, John in jumping at the national water skiing tournament in Minneapolis. John consistently jumps 140 feet, is rated a strong contender for the title. In the nationals they'll both go old-fashioned and wear skis.

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